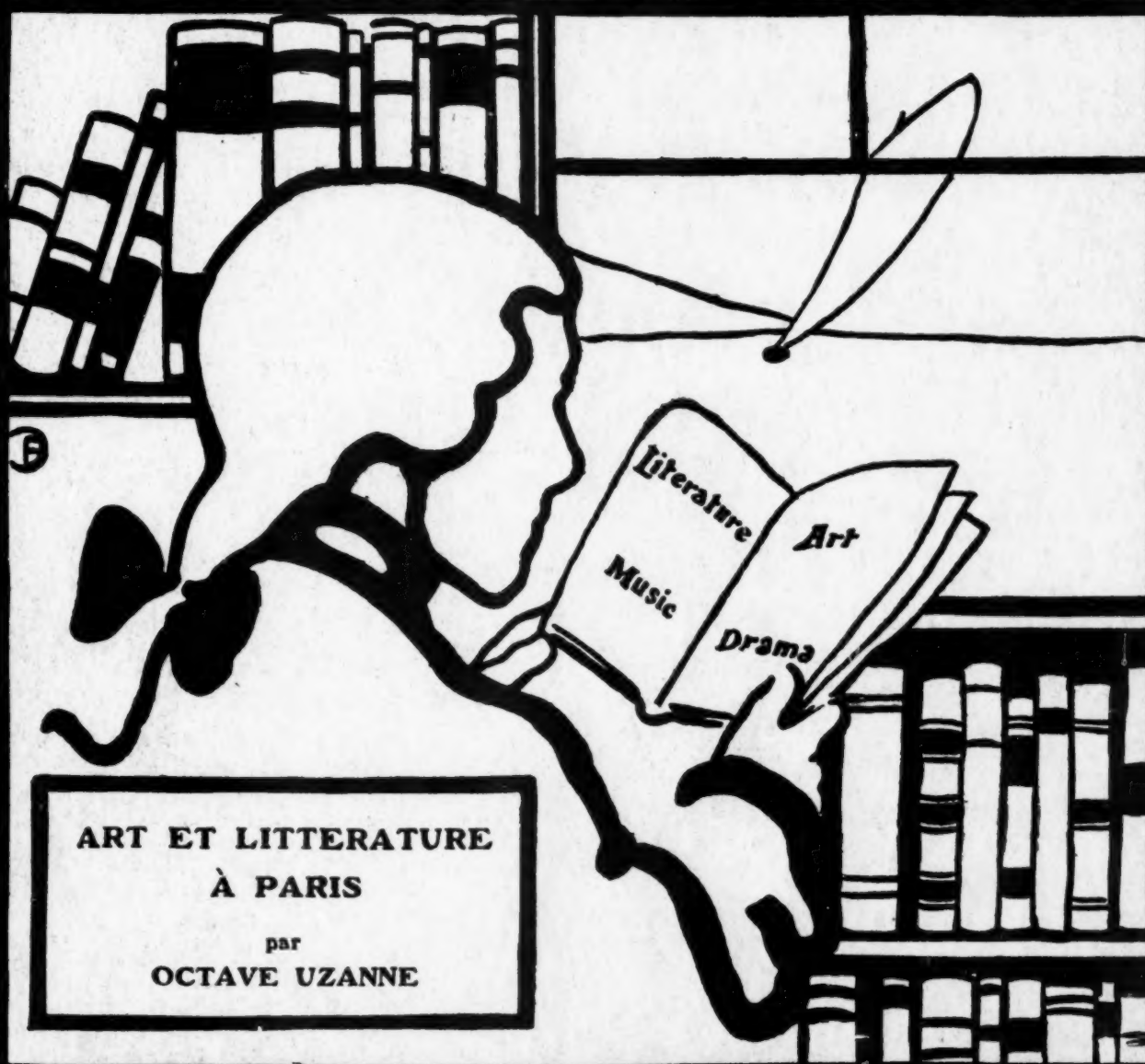


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Literary Notes and News

A CURIOUS statement made in one of the daily papers was that Mr. Herbert Spencer possessed little if any sense of humour. To friends of the late philosopher this announcement is itself as full of humour as he was; he could not only be humorous himself, but could tell a good tale right well, sometimes in capital county dialect. The Autobiography will stand rather apart in that class of literature, dealing as it does more with the development of the writer's mind and theories than with men and events.

A NEW view of English history is presented in "The Rise of English Culture," by the late Edwin Johnson, M.A. Celtic civilisation is dismissed as a fable, the personalities of the Venerable Bede, William of Malmesbury, and John Wycliff are discussed, the writings going under those names, with much else, being assigned to the period of the Tudors. The work, to be issued by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, will contain an introductory notice of the author and his writings by Mr. E. A. Petherick and a list of Johnson's writings, much of which is still unprinted.

PROFESSOR F. S. BOAS has almost completed an edition of Chapman's "Bussy d'Ambois" and "The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois" for Messrs. D. C. Heath of Boston and London. The text is taken from the original quartos, and in the case of the first play all the variations between the editions of 1607 and 1641 will be reproduced for the first time. The notes will be fuller than in any previous edition and the introduction will embody new material.

It seems that it is possible to combine with a facility for writing books a good deal of ignorance as to the technical side of the matter—or so one must judge from the frequent mistakes to be found in fiction. One of the latest and most flagrant, one which escaped notice in the reviewing of the work in which it occurs, treats of "uncut books" as those which have never been cut for purposes of reading. A character who is supposed to be a great authority on such matters is made to say: "A collection of books . . . is meant to be kept intact . . . they mustn't be cut—these have all been read!" Such an obvious error as this is a blemish on the book which shakes one's confidence in the authoress when she goes on to discourse of Grangerising.

This subject of Grangerising is one full of pitfalls to the uninitiated. Many think of it as though it were merely the compiling of a sort of scrap-album, much glorified, on some one subject, instead of being founded usually on one book and involving, too often, the sacrifice of many others in the making. Again, the term "extra-illustrating"

leads many to suppose that the insertion of prints, engravings, &c., is alone the object of the work. In a



Mrs. E. NESBIT

[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

recent book Grangerising was referred to as "illustrating"—a misleading term. If an author wishes to write on a subject rather out of the run of the average man's knowledge, it would be only fair to the public that he should know that subject.

WHAT kind of clothes can that gentleman have worn who, in the course of a certain story, "drew a slim

quarto volume from his pocket"? Ordinary quartos are, after all, not so very portable, and to carry one in one's pocket would decidedly tax the resources of that receptacle. On the other hand, there was mention in another book of a character whose shelves "groaned under the weight of his giant Elzevirs." "Giant Elzevirs" would indeed astound the collector. The author who referred to the First Folio of Shakespeare as the first printed issue of any of his plays should surely have known of the Quartos. Such mistakes—and there are many—are not only misleading but annoying by reason of their carelessness. Want of knowledge is emphatically a dangerous thing.

MR. WIRT GERRARE, whose latest book, "Greater Russia," was published only a few months ago, has been offered an engagement for a long term by a manufacturing firm in Germany, who make a condition that he shall not contribute to any periodical or write books. The whole of the information obtained by Mr. Gerrare whilst on his travels will be purchased by his employers for their own sole use as traders in the markets of the world. This appears to indicate a new career for observant writers who do not crave publicity and are content to forego fame if they can gain a livelihood by their pen.

WHAT is the Food of the Gods? Cocoa, according to Mr. Brimley Johnson, who will publish very shortly a history of this drink, so grateful and comforting to a certain Chancellor of the Exchequer.

IN connection with the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Chartered Accountants in Scotland, the societies are preparing for publication a history of accounting and of the accountant profession. The editor, Mr. Richard Brown, C.A., 23, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, would be pleased to receive information as to early forms of accounts or accountant's reports and as to professional accountants of the eighteenth century or earlier.

MR. EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A., has drawn three illustrations of Richard III. for the January issue of "Harper's."

THE January "Scribners" will contain an article on Lhasa by a Japanese priest, Ekai Kawaguchi, who spent several months in that Forbidden City.

MR. BRYCE is engaged upon the revision of "The Holy Roman Empire," first published fifty years ago, and also on a collection of a number of sketches of travel in various parts of the world, written during the last thirty years.

"IN THE BEGINNING OF GOD" is the title of a new volume, by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, to be published by Messrs. Brown, Langham. It will contain a portrait of the author.

"DEBRET" is to hand again, and calls for no comment; it is a hardy annual known to all men for the care and accuracy with which it is compiled.

MR. CLEMENT K. SHORTER delivered a very interesting lecture on Borrow, at Norwich, on December 10. It is to be hoped that the "full text" will soon be available, for Mr. Shorter is that rare person, a sane enthusiast, and all who love their Borrow and those who do not yet do so will find much food for thought in this stimulating lecture. It is pleasant, too, to find a critic brave enough to speak

plainly of R. L. Stevenson. "Stevenson had nothing new to tell the world, and he was not, is not, therefore, of the immortals." Whether this be true or not, it was worth saying, as it may raise a discussion which, if Stevenson were really great, can do his reputation no harm. So much of the praise given to him has been so uncritical. But will anyone agree with "C. K. S." in saying "He (Borrow) is with Dickens and with Carlyle as one of the three great British prose writers of the age we call Victorian, who in quite different ways have presented a new note for their own time and for long after"? Were there not others?

It is something of a surprise to find Catulle Mendès turning critic. Nevertheless, at the invitation of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, he has furnished a "rapport" of the history of French poetry from 1867 to 1900 under the title of "Le Mouvement poétique français de 1867 à 1900" (Fasquelle). The last "rapport" was presented to the government by Théophile Gautier in 1867. Mendès has produced a very interesting and suggestive piece of criticism: except in the romantic drama with which, of course, he associates Edmond Rostand, he records the work of no great genius, no dominating spirit, although he finds an extraordinary number of original writers who express their dreams, thoughts and emotions in quite excellent verse.

Two volumes of reminiscences have this week appeared in Germany: those of Ludwig Barnay, the great actor, who describes at length his visit to London with the Saxe-Meiningen Company; and those of Lena Fuhr, the great actress, who now at the age of seventy-five reviews her past career. She, too, visited London, and gives a delightful account of Ellen Tree's Ophelia, a performance she witnessed while here.

UNDER the title of "Neolithic Man in North-East Surrey," Mr. Elliot Stock will publish very shortly a work by Walter Johnson and William Wright, dealing with a corner of primitive Surrey so far as it relates to neolithic man. The volume will give an account of an interesting series of excavations spread over a long period, with numerous original illustrations of the various finds with which the authors met.

THE headmastership of that old established school, the Liverpool Institute, will shortly become vacant owing to the Board of Education having appointed Mr. W. C. Fletcher, M.A., to be Chief Inspector of secondary schools. The trustees of the Liverpool Institute recently offered their schools and property to the City Council, and the gift was accepted subject to the sanction of the Board of Education; when the transfer has been approved the schools will be conducted as Council secondary schools.

FROM Kirkcaldy, with such claim to authenticity as is derivable from being "printed on the very spot where she was born exactly a hundred years ago," we are to have "The Story of Pet Marjorie," otherwise Marjorie Fleming, the dear little lass who recited Shakespeare for Scott and his friends; who rejoiced in "Tom Jones" and Gray's Elegy, who studied the Newgate Calendar and the Bible with equal gusto, who wrote verse with marvellous ingenuity, and whose letters and reflections are a source of unfailing delight from their quaintness and childish sagacity. The biography of a precocious child whose earthly sojourn falls something short of nine years, is apt to be a record of priggishness; but no one who has any knowledge of Maidie will fear anything of the kind

from Mr. Macbean's forthcoming book. One cannot readily have too much of Pet Marjorie.

THE village of Dalmeny, just outside the policies of Lord Rosebery's Scottish home, has reputedly the most complete Norman parish church in Scotland, with a finely-sculptured doorway in an uncommonly fine state of preservation. A fully illustrated work on the architecture and history of this beautiful church has been prepared by Mr. Macgregor Chalmers, a Glasgow architect with decidedly antiquarian tastes, and it will be issued in a limited edition by Messrs. Carter and Pratt. The volume is to be dedicated to Lord Rosebery, who, as might be expected, has taken a close personal interest in the work.

A SPLENDID demonstration of the taste of Glasgow art collectors, to which I referred the other week, is to be found in the collection of pictures brought together at what is termed the East End Exhibition, an enterprise which has for its object the augmentation of the fund for rebuilding the Royal Infirmary. There are altogether 330 pictures on view, including among other works examples of Constable, Turner, Cotman, Old Crome, De Wint, Cox, Millais and Whistler; while Continental art is represented by pictures from, among others, Breton, Brissot, Corot, De Haas, Diaz, Isabey, Maris, Mauve and Millet. With scarcely an exception these pictures, which are really fine examples of the works of their painters, are on loan from private collections in or around Glasgow.

ALMOST coincidentally with the opening of this exhibition the winter show of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours has come to a close. This body has its headquarters in Glasgow, but it has also held shows in Edinburgh, Dundee, and even London; and it is one of the societies for which, it is suggested, accommodation should be found in the buildings which the recent Departmental Committee recommended to be erected in Edinburgh for the National Art Galleries. Owing to the loss of the Society's Glasgow home the show had this year to be held in a small gallery, where room could be found for rather fewer than 200 pictures; but perhaps for this very reason the quality of the works shown has been well above the average, and the number of sales has been very satisfactory.

MR. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE's next novel is to be issued, early in January, by Mr. Fisher Unwin. "Through Sorrow's Gate" is the title of the work, which is further described as "A Tale of the Wintry Heath." This is to say that Mr. Sutcliffe has returned to his favourite playing-ground—the moors of the West Riding. The writer believes that in this book he has got nearer than usual to the heart of the heath: nearer to that simplicity of feeling and passion which is the real mark of the moor-folk. One of his chief characters, it will be found, is an impulsive, erring farm lass who finds herself supplanted by "a little well-born woman rescued from the snow."

THE same publisher will issue, also in January, a new novel by Mrs. Amelia Barr, entitled "Thyra Varrick," as well as a new novel by Miss Florence Warden, to be called "The Misrule of Three."

SOME time in January, Messrs. Routledge will publish for the first time in England a one-volume edition of "Buckle's History of Civilisation." The book is to contain 800 pages, carefully printed; and besides all Buckle's original notes the text will include some additional notes and an introduction by Mr. John M. Robertson, sometimes referred

to as "Scrutator Robertson." There will be a "library edition" of the new Buckle at 5s.; and a popular edition—to be included in Messrs. Routledge's Historical Series—will be issued at 3s. 6d.

THE last novel written by Mrs. Alexander will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin on January 11. From a memorial preface which is to be contributed to the volume by Miss Iza Duffus Hardy, one learns the rather interesting fact that although Mrs. Alexander was seventy-seven years of age when she wrote this book, it is the first story in which she made use of her early reminiscences of Irish life and character. A set of verses by Mrs. Alexander, expressive of her outlook toward life will be printed in the fore part of the volume.

THE Brontë Society will hold its annual meeting at Keighley on January 23, when addresses will be delivered by Dr. Richard Garnett and others.

Bibliographical

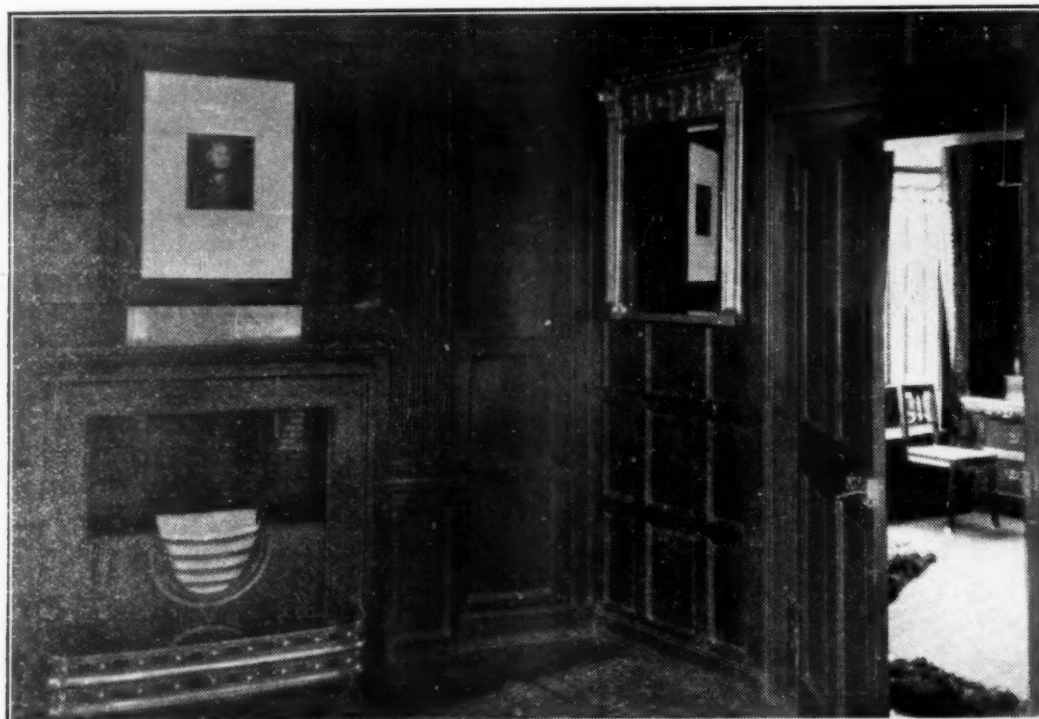
FOR the enthusiast there is much that is interesting in the "Catalogue of Contributors and Contributions to the First 50 Volumes" of "The Nineteenth Century and After" which has just been issued by Sir James Knowles. The arrangement of the entries is, unquestionably, irritating, for, though alphabetical to a certain degree, it is not absolutely and perfectly so. That is to say, the successive articles contributed by a writer are not brought together under a single entry of his name; that name crops up at intervals until the cataloguer has gone through all the successive numbers of the review. Thus, Matthew Arnold is entered twenty-two times in the course of the list of writers under "A." It is to be wished that Sir James had adopted the usual principle of alphabetical arrangement; but meanwhile, as I say, his "Catalogue" is full of interesting matter. To take first the instance already named—that of Matthew Arnold. It is pleasant to be reminded that between March, 1877 (when the review began), and April, 1888, Arnold was quite a frequent writer for the periodical; that he published in it his essays on Falkland, Mr. Stopford Brooke's Primer of English Literature, the French Play in London, Numbers, and Shelley, besides various political disquisitions and some occasional verse.

One is reminded, too, on glancing through the letter "S" in this catalogue, that Mr. Herbert Spencer made no fewer than twelve appearances in the review between January, 1884, and September, 1898. It was to the review that he sent his essays on Religion, Retrogressive Religion, Agnosticism and the Religion of Humanity, the Factors of Organic Evolution, Absolute Political Ethics, Justice, Lord Salisbury on Evolution, and Social Evolution. Under "S," again, comes the name of Mr. Swinburne, who, between April, 1884, and October, 1899, figured in the review no fewer than thirty-nine times—sometimes as poet but more frequently as critic. It was in this miscellany that he published his fine series of papers on the English dramatists—Middleton, Webster, Dekker, Tourneur, Ben Jonson, John Marston, Heywood, and Day; also his essays on Wordsworth and Byron, Charles Reade, Lamb and Wither, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Jowett, and Burns; together with some of the most notable of his poems, such as "March: an Ode," "Threnody—Lord Tennyson," "The Union," "The High Oaks, Barking Hall," and so forth.

But no doubt what Sir James Knowles most prides himself upon, in connection with his review, is Tennyson's association with it from the first. As everybody knows, it was the late Laureate who wrote the "Prefatory Sonnet," following it up with the sonnet on Montenegro, the sonnet to Victor Hugo, "Achilles Over the Trench," "The

Revenge," "Dedicatory Poem to the Princess Alice," "The Defence of Lucknow," "De Profundis," "Despair," "To Virgil," "Frater Ave atque Vale," "The Death of the Duke of Clarence"—a goodly list. It was in the

last being a reproduction of one of Mr. Locker's privately printed volumes, which I have yet to mention. There was also an edition of the "Lyrics" privately printed by the American Bookfellows Club in 1883.



THE ROOM IN WHICH LORD MACAULAY WAS BORN, ROTHLEY TEMPLE, LEICESTERSHIRE

[Photo. Harry Quilter, Leicester.]

review, likewise, that Lionel Tennyson wrote on "Phaedra and Phèdre," "Recent Literature" (1880), and "Persia and its Passion Drama"; while the present Lord Tennyson contributed "Earl Russell during the Eastern Question, 1853-1855," and some comments on "William George Ward." Lastly, this catalogue recalls to memory the five papers on "Fiction Fair and Foul," which Mr. Ruskin published in the review between June, 1880, and October 1881.

Very welcome to many will be that recent addition to "The Little Library"—Frederick Locker's "London Lyrics," as first given to the world in 1857. As a rule one does not sympathise greatly with the resurrection of matter which its author has deliberately discarded, and of his 1857 volume Mr. Locker discarded a good deal. His published work was, however, so small in quantity that one is almost justified in treasuring the whole of it, in spite of his rejections and revisions. The evolution of "London Lyrics" is, indeed, one of the most curious episodes in literary annals. Of its successive editions in England and America I have before me a list copied from one which Mr. Locker himself compiled. The second edition appeared in 1862, without the sketch by Cruikshank which had adorned the first; the third, in 1865, with a portrait of the author etched by Millais; the fourth and fifth, in 1868; the sixth, in 1872; the seventh, in 1874; the eighth, in 1876, with the Millais portrait slightly altered; the ninth, in 1878; and the tenth, in 1885. There the author's list ends, but to it there fall to be added the dates of the eleventh edition (1891) and the twelfth (1893). The first American edition was issued in 1870, the second in 1883, and the third in 1884, in which year also there was an edition of "London Rhymes"—this

Mr. Locker printed in England for private distribution more than one edition of the "Lyrics." The first, it would seem, was that of 1868, which consisted of about one hundred copies bound in Roxburgh. Then came in 1881 an edition, in red cloth or vellum, of which the distinguishing features were a couple of original drawings by R. Caldecott and Kate Greenaway. This, again, was followed in 1882 by a little selection from the "Lyrics," entitled "London Rhymes." Of a copy of each of these two latter editions I was, I am glad to say, a favoured recipient. That of 1881 is naturally the more desirable, on account of the two delightful illustrations, and of the presence in it of Mr. Austin Dobson's admirable verse-description of a "London Lyric," beginning—

Apollo made, one April day,
A new thing in the rhyming way.

I note that in the preface to his book on "The Psalms in Human Life" Mr. Prothero mentions Gladstone as one of the statesmen who have testified to the influence which the Psalms have exerted over them. I wonder whether, when he made this reference, Mr. Prothero had had the opportunity of reading Gladstone's direct personal testimony on the subject as given in the life by Mr. Morley? The passage is dated 1840, and is so short that it may be quoted here: "On most occasions of very sharp pressure or trial, some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angels' wings. Many could I recollect. The Psalms are the great storehouse." There is an enthusiastic eulogium on the Psalms in (of all places in the world) Hazlitt's "Conversations with Northcote," but whether it is Northcote's or Hazlitt's who shall say?

THE BOOKWORM.

Art et Littérature à Paris

Il semblerait qu'à l'activité humaine se multiplie et s'exaspère dans les métropoles aux approches des renouveaux de l'année, tant la fièvre de production des œuvres artistiques et littéraires s'y accélère jusqu'à y atteindre à son inquiétant maximum. C'est en vain que les journaux quotidiens s'impriment sur six, huit ou douze pages et s'évertuent à se développer ainsi que des accordéons selon les nécessités des événements. Ils doivent tous plus ou moins renoncer à critiquer les 20 ou 30 publications importantes qui paraissent chaque matin chez les éditeurs de littérature, les 6 à 7 expositions de tableaux qui, chaque après-midi, convient les amateurs dans les galeries de peinture; quant aux œuvres théâtrales nouvelles, toutes ne sauraient être analysées le lendemain de leur apparition et les professionnels du spectacle ne savent plus auquel entendre.

En fait d'œuvres dramatiques nous avons eu successivement ces récentes semaines: "l'Adversaire" de MM. Alfred Capus et Emmanuel Arène, au Théâtre de la Renaissance; "Le Retour de Jérusalem" de Maurice Donnay, au Gymnase, "l'Absent" de G. Mitchel et aussi "l'Iphigénie," tragédie du poète Jean Moréas, à l'Odéon, "Cadet Roussel" de Jacques Richepin, à la Porte Saint-Martin, "La Maternité" de E. Brieux, au Théâtre Antoine, "La Citoyenne Cotillon," de Ernest Daudet et Henri Cain, à l'Ambigu, "l'Oasis," de Jean Jullien, au Théâtre de l'Œuvre, "La Sorcière" de Victorien Sardou, au Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, et enfin "Le Dédale," de Paul Hervieu, à la Comédie Française, la dernière œuvre en date.

Je ne fais que citer ici les comédies et drames vraiment littéraires représentés sur les grandes scènes parisiennes qui s'adonnent plus généralement à l'exploitation des belles lettres. C'est volontairement que je laisse de côté les opéras, les opérettes, les vaudevilles et les petites comédies, ainsi que les revues de fin d'année qui abondent actuellement sur toutes les scènes secondaires et qui ne sont point les attractions les moins recherchées de la capitale.

Il semblerait que la réussite au théâtre devienne depuis quelques années de plus en plus étrange à observer. Le succès se banalise un peu partout et le public ne semble point véritablement très difficile. C'est un peu au petit bonheur que se créent les réputations les plus extraordinaires. Il serait plaisant d'étudier la nouvelle psychologie des foules et de rechercher comment certains auteurs tels que MM. Capus et Donnay, par exemple, sont devenus absolument réfractaires à tout échec, leurs productions, dès qu'elles sont livrées à la scène, y développant des enthousiasmes plus ou moins raisonnés dont l'intensité est loin de correspondre à la valeur même de leurs œuvres. A Londres MM. Pinero et J. M. Barrie sont peut-être favorisés pareillement à l'heure actuelle, mais sans que je prétende vouloir analyser ici la qualité de leurs comédies, il me semble que le cas est quelque peu le même des deux côtés du détroit où les trusts des succès et de la vogue théâtrale appartiennent à un nombre relativement restreint de producteurs consacrés.

MM. Alfred Capus, E. Brieux, Maurice Donnay et Paul Hervieu sont parmi les quadragénaires, que l'on nomme les jeunes auteurs, les plus comblés des applaudissements du public. Pour ne parler que de M. Alfred Capus qui s'est le plus récemment révélé et dont la consécration a été la plus foudroyante, l'emballement des spectateurs n'est pas sans causer quelque stupeur aux hommes d'esprit observateur et réfléchi. L'œuvre théâtrale de M. Capus ne dépasse pas en effet une honorable petite aisance intellectuelle. L'esprit que les journalistes y découvrent et citent avec une camaraderie plutôt complaisante est en réalité parcimonieux; les effets et l'action dramatique demeurent dans une bonne moyenne de trucs connus et de situations déjà depuis longtemps

exploitées. La fiction ne se hausse guère au-dessus des histoires d'adultères dont abusèrent, depuis cinquante ans, nos principaux écrivains du théâtre auxquels on attribua un génie scénique. Comment donc expliquer la folie collective des admirateurs de M. Capus et l'optimisme contagieux qui gagne la critique aussitôt qu'apparaît une nouvelle pièce de l'auteur de "La Veine" et des "Deux Ecoles"? M. Alfred Capus ne peut rien produire aujourd'hui qui ne soit un chef-d'œuvre. Paris lui décerne plus de lauriers qu'il n'en réserva naguère à Scribe, à Emile Augier, à Labiche et à Alexandre Dumas fils. Il apparaît comme l'homme du jour auquel rien ne résiste. M. Edmond Rostand et lui sont des conquérants de la célébrité qu'il ne fait même plus bon discuter. Il me sera permis de croire toutefois que pour élevés que soit leurs piédestaux ils n'en sont que plus fragiles. Comment l'œuvre d'un Eugène Capus se comporte-t-elle à l'étranger et comment y explique-t-on sa vogue?—je ne saurais le dire. Il est à supposer néanmoins que ce genre littéraire fort peu titré comme quintessence de cérébralité française ne supporte point l'exportation en améliorant tout son bouquet à la façon des crûs de nos coteaux Bordelais.

M. Maurice Donnay dont la muse blagueuse et agréable fut naguère consacrée à Montmartre dans les soirées du *Chat Noir*, vient, dans son "Retour de Jérusalem" d'ajouter à la fabulation peu compliquée de l'indispensable adultère mondain une sorte de dialogue entre deux amants sur les différences d'instinct et d'éducation qui peuvent séparer les israélites et les ariens. Les passions anti-sémites s'emparant des données de ce dialogue ont suffi pour exalter le succès d'une pièce dont la charpente ne promettait réellement pas une existence bien longue. Aujourd'hui, avec la poussée que lui donnent les juifs et anti-juifs, elle est assurée de garder l'affiche pour au moins une centaine de représentations.

Qu'il est donc aisé de triompher au théâtre dès qu'on y réussit une première fois! Les succès décernés par la collectivité des spectateurs sont assez misérables en vérité quand on les examine de près avec quelque sang-froid. Reconnaissons qu'il est peu de pièces modernes capables de supporter la lecture et qu'il n'existe guère, d'autre part, de noble littérature livresque, à tendances élevées, de style affiné, d'expression joliment spirituelle qui puisse également supporter les approches de la scène. Les meilleures œuvres romanesques mises au théâtre n'ont jamais obtenu le plus minime succès. Les mots les plus délicats, les plus fins, les plus subtils du style pensé et écrit n'ont pu arriver au-delà de la rampe et faire vibrer une salle généralement hostile à tout ce qui n'est pas quelque peu gros et voyant.—"Peuplez l'orchestre et les galeries d'un théâtre de mille Renan ou de mille Herbert Spencer disait récemment un critique clairvoyant—et la collectivité de ces deux mille cerveaux de génie ne vous donnera pas autre chose que l'âme d'un concierge."—Rien n'est plus vrai.

L'art théâtral est une manutention industrielle spéciale à l'exploitation de laquelle nous apportons assurément un trop vif intérêt dans la presse qui se respecte. Les auteurs dramatiques entrent de plein pied dans la gloire, avec un bien maigre bagage d'idées, de trouvailles, de style et d'esprit. Combien malaisé pour les meilleurs romanciers, essayistes, historiens et poètes n'est-il pas au contraire de se créer la plus légère notoriété, même en accumulant chefs-d'œuvres sur chefs-d'œuvres? Il est vrai que ceux-ci sont de véritables ouvriers de la pensée et que malgré tous les déboires, ils sont largement payés de leur labeur par les joies extasiées qu'ils y rencontrent et les rares admirations qui les viennent reconforter jusque dans leur solitude.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

Reviews

Many Moods and One Man

BETWEEN THE ACTS. By Henry W. Nevinson. (Murray. 9s. net.)

If there be truth in the French dictum that Art is life seen through a temperament, then Mr. Nevinson's book must rank as the most artistic which this waning year has produced. For life is here, baffling, many-sided, but through all its phases one is keenly aware of the individual outlook, wistfully sympathetic and tolerantly ironic. It does not greatly matter whether the author gathers up a few reminiscences of his own, frail and remote as the rose leaves from his long-vanished London garden, or tells of the men and women of his imagining; in fact, he speaks, perhaps, more directly from the heart when he speaks behind a mask. The range of these unassuming studies is extraordinarily wide, giving glimpses of life in many lands, from the philosophic meanderings of a Professor of Christian Ethics in Jena to the perilous passion of Sundered lovers in a starved and shot-riddled African town. There are satire and humour playing fantastically through the tragedy, evoking a somewhat heart-aching laughter, and always there is a sensitive reticence. Interspersed with the sketches are short poems, which prolong the note of feeling with haunting reverberations. Sometimes these verses are but verses, carrying on the mood; sometimes they are poems of rare beauty. "The Rose," that fragment of mediæval passion and superstition, was published some years ago in the "Yellow Book," and by one reader, at least, has been unforgotten. "The Companion Ship" is a flawless love poem; while the tender paganism of "Affatim Edi, Bibi, Lusi" would have been appreciated by the Hadrian, whose farewell to his soul is not more pathetic than this farewell to the body.

Paganism: the word occurs again and again to the reader of these pages. Mr. Nevinson is a pagan—no one could doubt it who knows his unforgettable "Plea of Pan"; but his is not the defiant neo-paganism of the day, conscious in every fibre of the faith which it disclaims. To this worshipper of the elder gods, Pan lives and mortals die, and life, exquisite and fugitive, ends in irresponsible dimness and a handful of dust. The doubt is no uncommon thing; what is uncommon is the absence of insistent scepticism. Modern denial is apt to embitter life; but here is no deliberate denial, merely the sense that life is vivid and passionate and stinging, and then in a moment is not.

To enter on criticism of the separate stories would mean oblivion of all limits of time and space. "Between the Acts" justifies its name, and is no book for the shallow tribute of rapid reading. It is a book of moods and pauses, to be read between the lights and with lingering intervals. There are times when the cruel idealism of "A Little Honey" would be too unrelenting; the satire of "Gaudeamus Igitur" too harsh, but "Of Your Charity" would lead to long dreams and musings and the silent treading of our own haunted ground. Quotations from the more dramatic passages would be impossible, but what lover of England who has loved it in exile can fail to feel the appeal of this vision of England, seen not only from across the seas, but from beyond the all-dividing Styx?

The seas gulp and fall round her promontories, or lie brooding there in green and purple lines. Her mountains are low, like blue waves they run along the horizon and the wind flies over them. It is a country of deep pasture and quiet downs and earthy fields, where the furrows run straight from hedge to hedge. There is moorland too, and lakes with wild names, and every village is full of ancient story. The houses are clustered round old castle walls, and across the breezy distance of fen and common the grey cathedrals rise, like ships in full sail.

Without their strange and fanciful context the words lose in significance, yet even so are memorable. Indeed there is much to be remembered in this book, which in its slight and fragmentary sketches suggests half the problems of life and no solution save life itself, which somehow among its futilities and mockeries seems worth living through to its ultimate edge—if only for sake of pondering on the drama "Between the Acts."

DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY.

A Great French Critic

ÉTUDES CRITIQUES SUR L'HISTOIRE DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE. Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Septième Série. (Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.)

BRUNETIÈRE is one of those critics who is less anxious to please than to convince, and although we may not always be able to agree with his conclusions, may even find our most cherished beliefs and opinions cruelly attacked, we are always forced to admit that his views are original, profound and clear. The volume before us contains nine essays, of which five deal with sixteenth and seventeenth century authors, two with nineteenth century authors, and two with general subjects, like the evolution of tragedy, and European literature in the nineteenth century. The essay on La Fontaine is a reprint of the article on the great fabulist contributed by Brunetière to "La Grande Encyclopédie," that most perfect and useful among all books of reference. La Fontaine—artist, naturalist, poet—is according to Brunetière a forerunner of Alfred de Musset in that he paints himself in his work; his errors, his tastes, his maladies, even his furniture, have a place there. In the learned essay on Bossuet's library, the critic truly observes that the books we possess and the manner in which we arrange them reveal not only our tastes but our most absorbing occupations, and the way in which we pursue them. If space permitted we could quote a long series of similar reflections, for they abound throughout the volume. The essay on the evolution of tragedy is full of interest: we cannot follow the argument in detail, but briefly it is this, that after carefully distinguishing tragedy pure and simple from drama and from tragi-comedy, there exists in the whole history of literature only two forms of tragedy—the Greek and the French (Corneille and Racine), and only two forms of drama—the English and the Spanish (Shakespeare and Calderon). The German drama and the French romantic drama are, properly, in their best works, transcriptions, and in their worst, disfigurements of the English and Spanish drama. Of the greatness of French tragedy Brunetière is absolutely assured. According to his view it owes little or nothing to the Greek, its creation being due to the French genius alone. "No names," he writes, "stand higher in our literary annals than those of Racine and Corneille; 'Rodogune' and 'Polyeucte,' 'Andromaque' and 'Phèdre' bear the mark of works destined to live for ever."

But to our mind the most interesting part of the book is the admirable essay on "European Literature of the Nineteenth Century." In some respects it is a *tour de force* of brilliant criticism, and criticism that is often at the same time suggestive and satisfying. Brunetière is a thorough-going optimist on the literary achievement and outlook of the late century. He declares that it has no rival in the abundance, diversity and quality of its literary productions. Neither the France of Louis XIV., the England of Elizabeth, the Italy of the Medici, the Rome of Augustus, nor the Athens of Pericles possessed greater poets than Goethe and Schiller, Byron and Shelley, Lamartine and Hugo; their poets may have been more perfect, more classical, more worthy to serve as everlasting

models, but they were not greater. In tracing the movement of literary ideas in the century, he shows how it was France who first shook off the classical yoke with Mme. de Staël's "La Littérature" (1800) and Chateaubriand's "Le Génie du Christianisme" (1801), and how the reaction was as much philosophical as literary. In most interesting fashion he shows how all-important was the influence of England on the European literature of the century—indeed he pays throughout the highest tribute to the greatness of the English literature of that period—in that she was the first among the nations to make literature essentially individualistic, the expression of the writer's personality divested of all subjection to literary models or ancestors, and how the naturalism of the later years of the century was evolved from those individualistic tendencies. Out of them also came works like those of Ruskin, Ibsen, and Tolstoy, authors who at the same time as they desired to write well desired to think well, and to produce something that should tend to bring about a more perfect civil and social life. The critic then passes on to the evolution of literary "forms." While he deplors the decadence of the dramatic form which has lost all connection with literature, he finds consolation in the elevation and greater importance of the lyric form, of the purely lyrical form in Leopardi, de Musset, and Heine, of the epic, symbolic, philosophic lyrical form in the Brownings and Tennyson in England, in de Vigny, Leconte de Lisle, Hugo, Gautier, and Baudelaire in France. He points out that other literary forms, history, criticism, the novel, have undergone similar influences. Oratory, that is oratory that can be read with pleasure, excepting perhaps Newman, has, like drama, suffered eclipse. His conclusion is that literature is no longer a "divertissement." The author cannot divest himself of the responsibilities laid on him by social changes and modifications. Neither can he any longer isolate himself in a haughty disdain of public opinion. In the theatre, in the novel, the treatment of social questions will be more and more exacted, and in response the author will have to bring to his work entire mastery of the means of his particular art, and the widest and most detailed experience of life he can command. We cannot deny the truth of much that Brunetière asserts, but if the Muse of Literature is to descend from the heights of Parnassus to dwell for ever in the plains, if she is to provide men with a weapon for fighting social and political ills instead of inspiring them with lofty imagination and enhancing their powers of perception, we confess to a certain reluctance to adopt the optimistic outlook of the great French critic.

LONDON ON THAMES IN BYGONE DAYS. By G. H. Birch, F.S.A. (Seeley. 7s. net.)

THERE must be many a Londoner who from year's end to year's end never sees the Thames, and many more who, when they see it, do not mark it. Yet it is the glory, and should be the pride, of the metropolis. It is a beautiful river, as those know who love and cherish it—it might be far more beautiful if loved and cherished aright—it is a stream of rare historical charm, and even in its ugliness delightful. It flows through our city a silent unused highway, though "below bridge" it is busy. Would any other citizens in the world so neglect so noble a river? What must be thought of us by visitors from other lands who note the fine embankment, dreary and deserted, the Surrey shore, with its line of wharves and landing stages and mud-banks, and the tideway left to the unpleasant presence of smoky tugs and not unpicturesque barges? Never has a city so grossly scorned a splendid birthright.

It may be hoped, though the hope is thin, that Mr. Birch's charming monograph will teach his readers to know their Thames better than they may have done heretofore. He tells us her story from the dim days of myth down to the commonplace records of to-day's newspapers,

and he tells it well and truly. We feel, however, that the writer has been cramped for space, and cannot but hope that he and his publishers will some day soon give



J. H. Thompson.

Illustration from "Evelina" (Macmillan).

us a larger volume on the same subject. When that time comes an interesting chapter—or two—would deal with the literary associations of the Thames. They are many, Shakespeare, Spenser, More, Pepys, Gay, Wordsworth, Borrow, Marryat, Dickens, Morrison, to mention a few names gathered at random. But we must not let Mr. Birch think we are not thankful for what we have received. He, writing with enthusiasm and with knowledge, has given us a very thorough and pleasing piece of workmanship, so good so far as it goes that it gives an edge to our appetite and causes us to call for more. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, both plain and coloured. But it is a blot upon the book that the plates are not dated.

A volume that deserves a place on the shelves of every lover of London.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES: 1900-1903. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE is not much that is new or original in this latest volume from one of our most prolific and useful writers; but there is nevertheless a great deal that is of interest and value. The different sections of the book are very unequal in this respect. We cannot imagine, for instance, why the speech made by Lord Avebury in proposing the toast of the evening, when nine members of the Athenæum Club were awarded the Order of Merit, should have been included. It simply consists of a few remarks of the "Who's Who" type, on each of these gentlemen, and is

without any claim whatever to perpetuation. On the other hand, the papers on Huxley and Ruskin are valuable for the personal knowledge of their subjects that the author displays. His eulogium on Huxley will be appreciated by the many readers of Messrs. Macmillan's cheap reprints of the great scientist's essays, whilst the address on Ruskin, fully recognising the writer's fine qualities, contains an amusing series of his more extraordinary dicta on men and things, including his approval of a letter of Carlyle's in which he says with contemptuous superiority, "A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect." Ruskin, Carlyle, Salisbury, Disraeli and Gladstone all failed to comprehend and appreciate the distinctive contribution of their century to the temple of truth.

Several other papers will be read with interest, such as those on the Early Closing Bill and Bank Holidays, with each of which Lord Avebury is identified. He appears to us completely to have proved his point in both instances.

Lord Avebury also makes some really valuable contributions, from the impartial standpoint, to two of the questions of the hour—fiscal policy and education. The paper on the "Present Position of British Commerce," and the succeeding one—written before the recent agitation on this matter—are worthy of careful study, as coming from a man who has the scientific habit of thought and who has been personally connected, all his life, with economic and financial matters.

And the other paper which demands serious study is that on education, in which the author speaks with all the authority derived from having served on three Royal Commissions and for forty years on the Senate of the University of London. It is, of course, the old warning, which has been repeated since the time of Milton and has been reiterated in turn by every Royal Commission that has sat upon the subject. But Lord Avebury adduces in this address a number of new facts, from Germany and elsewhere, which suffice to show, with overwhelming certainty, where our blind conservatism is likely to land us before long, if we are unwilling to follow the advice which all experience enforces. This paper we cordially recommend.

Verses

THE POEMS OF LEOPARDI. Translated from the Italian by Francis Henry Cliffe. Second Edition. (John Macqueen. 3s. 6d. net.)

VERSES. By Ethel Wheeler. (Brimley Johnson. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE DESCENT: A POEM. (David Nutt. 3s. 6d. net.)

POEMS. By A. Madhaviah. (Madras: Srinivasa, Vardachari and Co.)

"THE POEMS OF LEOPARDI" is an enlarged edition of a book which on its first appearance obtained a measure of deserved praise. It was well that the merely English reader should be given some idea of Leopardi. The greatest of modern Italian poets, he is also the pre-eminent poet of pessimism—the Schopenhauer of poetry. Utter gloom, the wail over human life as over a new-made grave, never before or since so wrapped and monopolised a poet. He has no gladness in aught that makes men or poets glad—in love, in nature, in the works and pomps of man. All to him are futility and a school of final disgust. Such unrelieved lamentation is barely rendered endurable by its poetic sincerity; and it may be questioned whether the strenuous Anglo-Saxon race will ever cordially take to it. Mr. Cliffe's rendering is remarkably close, yet polished. The infrequent rhyme, as he says, makes closeness less difficult. But in the original that infrequency is compensated by beauty and variety of movement. In Mr. Cliffe's

blank verse, especially, movement is somewhat lacking. To attain his strict fidelity he is compelled to a preponderance of monosyllables; and this makes against flexible and expressive movement. One feels it even in a poem so metrically close to the original as the "Nocturnal Song" of the Asiatic nomad. While such poems as this do all that could reasonably be expected of a metrical version, undeniably something has lapsed from the poetry, and that something is *the something*. But the translations deserve the success they have seemingly obtained.

Miss Wheeler's thin little book of verse is feminine to the core. It is the merest filigree-work of poetry—light, insubstantial, scarce to be weighed in any critical balance. Thought it has none, though there is at times a kind of toying with thought, as a fay might toy. Yet withal it has a delicate, dainty fancy, which plays about it in iridescent profusion; and to this is united an appropriate music, buoyant, flitting, melodious, catching. The most ambitious effort is the first poem, "The Bridge," which has nothing to do with the fashionable mode of gambling. But in substance it is just a string of melodious fancies like the rest—somewhat more elaborate, and flashing like a rain of coloured fires. The sense of colour Miss Wheeler has in a high degree, and a felicitous gift of diction. All these qualities reappear in the charming little bit of gossamer-verse she calls "The Fairies' Day." Fairyland, indeed, is a native and fruitful field for her gay and sportive fancy. Pensive she is at times, but the radiant colour will not suffer any effect of sadness, scarce of gravity. Altogether minor, and, as we have said, insubstantial, this small volume is yet of much bright and delicate appeal. It nowhere strives to be more than it is; and the little poems follow one another like bubbles of coloured foam. It has more attractiveness than much work of greater pretence. We care least for the sonnets, a form which hardly suits Miss Wheeler's lightness of touch. And why, in one sonnet, does she rhyme *diastole* with *pole*? The final *e* is sounded, Miss Wheeler!

"The Descent" is an anonymous and amazingly long poem in blank verse. Yet, after all, the length is not surprising; for in this style a poem might conceivably run on to the dimensions of a five-shilling novel. The style is prose, unadulterated by a suspicion of poetry.

His billet good; a bachelor, quite free,
Who might be ducal coachman in his turn,

is the manner of it. And the blank-verse is like the style. One line, "Was oppressive; frivolity—disgust," is absolutely unscannable. It is, in fact, a novel in what, counting on the fingers, is blank-verse.

The experiment of a native attempting poetry in a foreign tongue is always perilous. The result is too likely to be academic, and even at times unconsciously ludicrous. Both these things may be said of Mr. Madhaviah's work. Passages would seem to suggest that he has a considerable share of Oriental fancy, which in his own tongue might command respect. But in English, the result is at best a conscientious imitation of the classic English models he has read at college; while sometimes it becomes unintentionally funny. At worst, it is simply poor. We fear the author has attempted the impossible.

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES. Vols. I. and II. (MacLehose. Each 12s. 6d. net.)

MESSRS. MACLEHOSE AND SONS have issued the first two of the twelve volumes of "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation," by "Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford." Richard Hakluyt was a valiant man, preacher though he was. The seaglorious England burned in him. A chance visit to his cousin and elder, Mr. Hakluyt of the Middle Temple, who showed young Master Richard "certaine books of

Cosmographie, with an *universalle Mappe*," inspired the youth to his giant enterprise. This was nothing less than to write the history of Englishmen who took to the sea, from the dim and alluring charm of their first adventures, to the evident splendour of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. He had the mind to do the work with an excellent thoroughness. Accordingly, we have in the first volume (after the fine *Epistles Dedicatorie*) the annals of the voyages and conquests of Arthur, King of Britain—rude outlines like rock-hieroglyphics; the enterprises of other half-legendary kings and captains; with the voyage of Othere to "the North parts beyond Norway"—our old friend Othere of Longfellow's little saga; journeys into Tartary and Hungary and Cathay, Prussia and the northern seas; and, with all these, charters, safe-conducts for merchants, commercial leagues with foreign potentates, "mandates" concerning "outlandish Merchants," and protests, couched in no uncertain terms, against ill-treatment of English traders abroad.

The second volume brings us to the nearer times of the second King Richard, with much stuff concerning treaties with Prussia and correspondences with the "Cities of the Hans"; the dealings of Henry IV. on the same accounts; statutes and charters of Edward IV. and Henry VI.; Master-Pilot Sebastian Cabot's advice to "Sir Hugh Willoughby and his Fleete in their voyage intended for Cathay"; much curious information concerning Russia, and the Muscovy Company. By the time we reach the narrative of "Richard Chancellor, Pilote major, the first discoverer by sea of the kingdome of Moscovia. Anno 1553," we are sailing in clearer waters; there is less pure archaeology and more definite seafaring detail.

Messrs. MacLehose are to be congratulated on their enterprise. To publish the great chronicle of England's greatest adventurers in a form so excellent, is nothing less than a national service. It is said that the "*Voyages*" should have been produced at "popular prices," apparently because Mr. Froude (with his customary looseness of phrase) once took upon himself to characterise the Hakluyt collections as the "English prose epic." But, these are not epics. They may be the material for an epic, but that is quite another matter. And with material for epics, "popular prices" have no conceivable relation. Such stuff is for those who know how to value it; and, after all, five guineas is no great sum. It is good news, too, that Professor Raleigh is to contribute an essay in the twelfth volume. There is none better for the task.

L. COPE CORNFORD.

WAR SKETCHES IN COLOUR. By Captain S. E. St. Leger. (Black. 20s. net.)

No artist or author has dared to picture warfare with absolute fidelity, probably none ever will do. Many regret that this is so, believing that if the peoples of the world could realise the horror as well as the pomp of war, peace would be less recklessly disturbed. From the point of view of the artist nothing so hideous as a battlefield should ever be painted except ideally. This Captain St. Leger has done very skilfully in the handsome volume he has given us—more skilfully with the pencil than with the pen.

Captain St. Leger was, as his record shows, a hard-working soldier, who went through some of the toughest fights in the late Boer war, keeping his eyes wide open and his brush busy. His drawings are sketches, impressions, fugitive pieces, rather than pictures, possibly, therefore, all the more valuable. As the reader turns from sketch to sketch, he will gradually discover that he is quickly becoming able to see into many places hitherto dark. The life of Tommy on the field and in camp is faithfully and very skilfully portrayed. In many of the drawings there are touches of humour and of pathos, the frontispiece, "A Prisoner"—a trooper bringing in a captured mount, "A Corner of Cronje's Lager at Paardeberg," "An Ox Convoy," "Abandoned"—a sick horse by a waterpool in

the veldt, "Mule Transport Crossing a Drift," "A Mid-day Rest" are among the best of the coloured plates, which are all wonderfully well reproduced. As we turn over the pages it gradually grows upon us that the greatest heroes of the war were the horses, who worked, suffered, and died, pathetically silent, little praised, unrewarded.



Illustration from "*War Sketches in Colour*" (Black).

On the whole an enlightening and useful as well as a beautiful book.

AN EPOCH IN IRISH HISTORY: TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, ITS FOUNDATION AND EARLY FORTUNES, 1591-1660. By John Pentland Mahaffy, D.D. (Fisher Unwin. 16s.)

VIEWED as a fragment of college history this book will be readily recognised on all hands as a complete success. It is no unfair disparagement of the conscientious labours of Dr. J. W. Stubbs to say that what was expected to be the official history of the University of Dublin left a large opportunity to any writer who should aspire to treat the history of the University in the light of the history of the country. That opportunity Dr. Mahaffy has admirably utilised. The work before us is a live book, not a collection, however valuable, of musty records. The author has recognised that antiquarianism is not history. He has given us a narrative in which the human element, by which alone history can be vitalised, is present in every page. His book abounds in pictures of the earlier Provosts and of many of the more distinguished personages connected in one way or another with the fortunes of the College during the first seventy years of its existence. These pictures are boldly drawn and vividly painted. And as there is no one to prove they are not likenesses, they may fairly be accepted as authentic portraits. But one exception has to be made to the satisfaction which these pictures as a rule afford. Dr. Mahaffy's dislike of the "wily and tenacious" Archbishop Loftus seems to have quite obscured his judgment as to the part played by that prelate in the history of the College. Better evidence than that adduced at pages 61-64 must be brought forward before that powerful, if scarcely pleasant, personage is deposed from the post of honour hitherto accorded him as the practical founder of the University.

But if Dr. Mahaffy had confined his attention to the purely collegiate side of his task, his book would hardly

have justified its title. And apparently it is by his treatment of Irish history within the period embraced, that the author desires to be judged. Dr. Mahaffy claims not merely to give us the story of a great Irish institution, but "to have made a contribution to the Elizabethan and Jacobean history of Ireland." It is not so certain that this picture, though like his portraits vivid and attractive, is an altogether trustworthy representation. It would be difficult to praise too highly the opening chapter, in which the history of Ireland in the closing years of the sixteenth century is surveyed. In it, Dr. Mahaffy seizes with remarkable acuteness the social conditions existing in Ireland at the time, and realises strikingly the aspect of the Irish capital at the era of the founding of the College. But it is by no means easy to assent to its main proposition, which is that "the great antagonism between England and Ireland, which has lasted so many centuries," is a struggle of creed and not of race. Dr. Mahaffy's examination of the remarkable activity of the Jesuits in Ireland in the closing years of Elizabeth and throughout the reign of James is of great interest, and he is right in stating that the historians have not sufficiently attended to it. But his contention as to the dominant influence of creed on Irish politics is not proved by the fact that the wonderfully able followers of Ignatius Loyola in that age were astute enough to utilise Ireland as a pawn in the great game in which they were engaged, any more than it is proved by the dogmatic

from the noble little essay entitled "The Moment After." Why is it that man "never is but always to be blest"? Why is the knowledge of the true nature of a deed reserved till after its accomplishment? Sophocles discerned a pitiless Necessity which first blinds the eyes to the real nature of the projected act, then pursues a man with its fell results. Nietzsche traces the misery of a "bad conscience" to modern man's mistake in turning inwards upon his own nature; in making war upon himself, his own instincts, his own gratifications, instead of upon his enemy. But there is also the converse truth to be explained: the note of almost ecstatic relief that, when the worst has befallen, sighs, "And is this all?" The answer is compressed into a paradox in another essay on a kindred subject: "The fulfilments are not fulfilments, and the refusals are not refusals." "That man cannot get his desires fulfilled, that what he has named fulfilments are denied by the deepest in him, is Nature's way of saying that he is launched upon an infinite career. What he cannot find is precisely what he is destined to find." As to the problem of re-shaping Christianity according to the pattern of an age of science, the essayist looks forward to the coming creed as a programme: "it will be a statement of the laws of the spiritual forces and of their application to the regeneration of man"; a creed, it need hardly be said, that shall grow out of a conviction shaped and tried and verified by experiment. A book on the whole, this of Mr. Brierley, more suggestive and helpful in its optimism than any that has for some time passed through our hands.



Reduced Illustration from "Ski-Running" (Cox).

assertion that if "the contrast of creed" were abolished (page 56) "the Irish question would be presently at rest." The great antagonism between England and Ireland is older than the differences between the Roman and Anglican communions. It is not rash to predict that it will survive their still remote adjustment.

PROBLEMS OF LIVING. By J. Brierley. (James Clarke. 6s.) THAT the spiritual element in man is the only clue to the riddle of the world is the conviction at the root of the solution proposed by "J. B." An example may be taken

Fiction

DRINKERS OF HEMLOCK. By A. Stodart Walker. (Edinburgh: George A. Morton. London: Simpkin, Marshall.) Politics and politicians form the theme and supply the actors in Mr. Stodart Walker's clever book. It is remarkably, cleverly written, indeed the author is almost too prodigal in his use of epigram and smart repartee. His dialogue would lead us to imagine that his brilliant talkers never descend to the level of mere commonplace, even in their most ordinary conversations. He gives us a lively picture of the "other" side of political life—the side not seen by the eyes of confiding holders of votes. The intrigues and the wire-pullings; the jealousies and the scandals; the feminine influences, whose existence is so constantly denied in public and so constantly in evidence in private—all these form the subject of his novel—his brilliant women politicians appear to almost more advantage than his men, though Herbert Tristram is a strong and fascinating character. One follows with interest his progress through political life, till he attains the dignity of Prime Minister—a height from which he is toppled by a scandal of appearances—guilty in the eyes of the world—inno cent in fact. There is sympathy for him—for his wife—who stands by him loyally, and for the brilliant Lady Erskine, whose friendship is the cause of his political downfall. There are many smart and witty sayings in the book, which should find numerous readers, although, from its very nature, the audience to which a purely political novel appeals is more or less restricted. Politics are sometimes "caviare to the general."

THE COUNTRY BOY. By Forrest Crissey. (Revell. 5s. net.) Yet another book of childhood's impressions, this time the experiences of a boy who lived in a farmhouse in the midst of the woods, where they make sugar and hunt squirrels. "The rich maple odors of the boiling caldron in the heart of the 'sugar bush,' and the woody fragrance of the burning boughs which blackened the sides of the big kettle and sent a tall spiral of smoke above the dark horizon line of the West Woods, had in them the soul and essence of spring." There are many good things in this book, the boy is very well drawn, and the author has the gift of presenting the scenes in the little village with vividness and charm. The picture of the silent mother is particularly distinct. She works ceaselessly from morning until night, and the boy realizes that she has no time for demonstrations of affection, even if she were to overcome her shyness. She "found it far easier to toil in patient silence for those she loved than to speak her thoughts." Harlow, the boy, assists his mother at the kitchen sink in the task of dish-washing. "He noticed that the rays from the flame of the yellow candle made a swath of light upon the smooth surface of his mother's brown hair, like that which spanned the brook when the moon

shone brightly upon its still waters." "The Country Boy" is a book which all country and town men and women will delight to read.

A FOREST HEARTH. By Charles Major. (Macmillan. 6s.) This tale sets forth the adventures attending the love-story of Rita and Dic in Indiana during the early part of the nineteenth century. The opportunities for conveying atmosphere and local colour are not developed very fully, but it is nevertheless a pleasant story. The incidents have a wide range—the hero is accused of murder and acquitted, is shot by a jealous male rival, given a love-powder by a jealous female one, renounced by the girl he loves, partially consoled by the girl who loves him, and finally married at three minutes' notice in the middle of the night to the heroine. The quiet manner of the telling, however, robs the story of any suggestion of swashbuckling—indeed, there is such a curious lack of any climax, either in the plan of the book or in the individual incidents, that they might have happened in any order other than they do without the least damage to the story. An occasional touch of quiet humour is welcome—so, when two suitors are sitting each other out, and at midnight show no intention on either side of giving up, we are told: "No one could foretell the victor, though anyone could easily have pointed out the poor victim," for the heroine is too sleepy to hold her head up. By far the best thing in the book, which is well got up and prettily illustrated, perhaps with regard to use as a Christmas present, is the character of Billy Little, the elderly owner of "a bachelor heart," good and kindly to the core, with more than a touch of pathos about his reminiscences of Beau Brummel and his gay young days. A fairly pleasant book with which to while away an hour after a tiring day.

PART OF THEIR PATHWAY. By Morton Ellars. (Digby, Long. 6s.) A domestic novel. The scene is a country town, with its squire, its colonel, its "at homes," and its flirtations, all genially set forth with that sense of detail which is part of the charm of domestic novels. There is, moreover, the ingenuous young lady who confesses to having "rather a curiosity to see Mr. Hugh Bernard," just as such young ladies did in Jane Austen's time, and the incidents of the story work up to a couple of double marriages in the last chapter. Towards the end of the book we hear of the Transvaal War, in which one of the characters is wounded, but the action of the story remains in England.

THE ONE WOMAN: A STORY OF MODERN UTOPIA. By Thomas Dixon, jun. (Heinemann. 6s.) Fearsomely American. The story plays in New York; time, the present. Characters: The one woman. A social dreamer. The other woman. A banker. Ruth's old sweetheart. A Shorthorn deacon. Assistant district attorney. This list explains the book, which is curiously unworldly and innocent, full of the naïveté of a precocious child. Not unclever, but extraordinarily ignorant. The Shorthorn deacon is a distant connection of our old friend the hardshell Baptist.

Short Notices

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND, A DRAMATIC ROMANCE. By N. S. Shaler. In five volumes. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin. \$10 net.) This is an extraordinary and, in its way, a pathetic experiment. Only an American professor, one thinks, could have been capable of it. It is avowedly undertaken, in cold blood, in order to vindicate a theory. Mr. Shaler, a Professor of Geology in Harvard University (a very excellent and very experienced Professor of Geology), has been seriously disturbed by the prevalent view that the study of physical science is inimical to the literary imagination. Darwin has said that science ruined the early pleasure he had in poetry and especially in Shakespeare; that it not only destroyed his enjoyment of literature, but made dramatic works, even those of the highest order, positively distasteful to him. Professor Shaler found that many of his fellow scientists were convinced of this native incompatibility between "science and the humanities." But the Professor held that "the constructive imagination" (by which we fancy he means the intuitive faculty) was common to poet and scientist—and he is right as regards scientists of real genius. Therefore (and here is the strange fallacy) the scientist could produce imaginative literature if he tried. As well say that, because the basic faculty of poet and musician are one, Beethoven could have written a poem like Goethe's "Faust" had he tried! But the Professor, in scientific fashion, proceeded to demonstrate his theory by experiment. He asked what would be the most perfect demonstration, and was directed to Elizabethan drama. Never having done anything of the kind, he unhesitatingly set out to do it. Yet—pathetically curious!—he starts by confirming Darwin. As a lad he was fond of poetry and verse-writing: within ten years of his embracing of

science the taste vanished utterly; "even the plays of Shakespeare, of which I had once been fond, became to me tedious," and for forty years he did not willingly visit a theatre. His performance does not discount this damning evidence. Frankly, it is a portentously long and dull exercise on the model of the Shakespearean historical play, as such things are usually written by the amateur. It has nothing of Shakespeare or any other Elizabethan beyond the general dramatic structure; the blank verse progresses in a steady, spiritless trot; there is no characterisation, and the action is desperately leisurely and long-winded. The one notable thing is the extraordinary manner of its production, with its deliberate and unconscious tempting of impossibilities. That is, as we have called it, nothing less than pathetic.

POPULAR BALLADS OF THE OLDEN TIME. Selected and Edited by Frank Sidgwick. First Series: "Ballads of Romance and Chivalry." (Bullen. 3s. 6d.) The study of the old ballads has nowadays reached a high point of specialisation, which may be said to have culminated in the great collection of Professor Child, of Harvard University. The search for originals has been carried back till the several ballads are found almost to lose themselves in various more or less uncouth and barbaric oral variations. Mr. Sidgwick has undertaken the commendable task of making from these latest researches a selection for general readers; of which this is the first volume. But a difficulty at once presents itself. Since in many cases there is no real original, but (as we have said) diverse oral variations, what version are you to choose? The tendency of modern editors has been to choose the oldest and least altered text. But these texts are usually uncouth extremely from a literary standpoint. If you want poetry, we say unhesitatingly, later texts—yea, sometimes texts touched by Scott or (it may be) Percy—are sometimes by far the best. And surely, for the general reader, the best poem is the best ballad. The editor does not agree with this, yet shrinks from the logical extreme. So he frankly adopts a compromise; giving the "authorised" text of each which he thinks to show the story in completest form. We regret it. It is not one thing or the other. From the poetic standpoint (for instance) the latter version of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" is a finer ballad than the version given here. We should always prefer it for pleasure. And for pleasure the general reader reads. While for the scholar no compromise at all is the only thing. But, given this vexatious point, there can be nothing but praise for the selection, editing, and notes, which are all excellent and adequate. It is, in fine, a valuable volume of what bids fair to be a very valuable series.

SKI-RUNNING. By D. M. M. Crichton Somerville, W. R. Rickmers and E. C. Richardson. Edited by the last-named. (Horace Cox.) It is pronounced *she*-running, and it is a truly great sport. The ski are strips of wood about six feet long by two-and-a-half inches wide; they are strapped to the feet, and after quite a little practice they form absolutely the best form of snow-locomotion for long and short distances, and on practically any gradient. The Norwegians have used the ski for centuries, but it is only just beginning to be recognised as one of the best—if not the best—winter sport extant. Towards the end of the seventies the Christiania Ski Club commenced its popularization, and since then it has gone ahead literally by leaps and bounds. There are now regular Ski Corps in the armies of Russia, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France, the ski detachments in the latter two countries being drawn from the special Alpine troops, the Alpini and the Chasseurs Alpains. The Ski Club of Great Britain was formed at a dinner held at the Café Royal on May 6, 1903, and this little book is at once its justification and its first public appearance. As a handbook of the delightful sport it is excellent and timely. Ski-running is fully explained and scientifically expounded; there are some charming photographs and a good bibliography. There is a special chapter on ski-jumping at the historic Holmenkollen and elsewhere, and some first-class hints to beginners which should attract many new adherents to the sport.

CONSOLIDATION AND DECLINE. By Charles Neeld Salter. (Kegan Paul. 6s.) It is seldom that a book has left us in such a state of bewilderment. Mr. Salter evidently has in his mind some wide generalisation as to the cyclic progress of civilisation—something in the manner of the famous "indefinite incoherent homogeneity" formula. But he has been so bent upon finding mystical illustrations of it in stories from the classics that, so far as we can see, he has never found time to enunciate it. Several times we have fancied that we held the necessary clue; at one point it seemed to be the essential identity of the Roman and British Empires, but it is clearly not that. The discovery of America comes into it, unless we are misguided by a metaphor; and the story of Ulysses and the suitors is constantly appealed to, as also is that of Hector's ineffectually wearing Achilles's armour. But when in the concluding sentence we read: "The cataclysm fell;

and the existing order, together with everything that was identified with it, disappeared from the face of the earth," we are quite in the dark even as to whether we should regard the words as a record or a prophecy.

THE ART OF EXTRA-ILLUSTRATION. By J. M. Bullock. (The Collector's Library. Treherne. 2s. 6d. net.) A model of what such a book should be—clear, clever, and suggestive. No would-be Grangeriser should omit to buy and keep this capital volume; almost it persuades one to be an extra-illustrator.

Reprints and New Editions

NOTES ON THE CATHEDRALS. (Sonnenschein. 1s. net.) This small volume deals with some cathedrals of the North of England, York, Carlisle, Chester, Manchester, Newcastle, Ripon, Liverpool, Wakefield, and Sodor and Man. The principal feature is its very numerous illustrations; from the smallest to the largest, all are excellent, showing the minutest detail.

ON GARDENS. By Francis Bacon and Abraham Cowley. FRIENDSHIP. By R. W. Emerson. (Astolat Oakleaf Classics. Astolat Press. 1s. each net.) Collectors will no doubt eagerly welcome this handy reprint of Bacon's essay. The volumes are tastefully bound, and printed in black and red on hand-made paper. Those who already know of the series will doubtless approve of the two latest selections, while those who have not seen them should lose no time in doing so.

EVELINA. By Fanny Burney. With an Introduction by Austin Dobson. Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. (Macmillan. 6s.) This reprint is timely; we can read Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful biography in the "English Men of Letters" and at the same time refresh our memory with snatches of "Evelina." In the introduction Mr. Dobson writes, "To-day Miss Burney's book is more than a century old, and any detailed examination of it would be superfluous, particularly in the present case, where it makes its reappearance with all the prestige of a specially sympathetic pictorial interpreter." With this we can cordially agree. Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations are altogether delightful, a chance opening of the book almost decides one to buy it, even though one may already possess a copy of "Evelina." This reprint should give the story a new lease of life, and the younger generation, who perhaps knows not Fanny Burney, should be induced to read "the history of a young lady's entrance into the world."

KEAT'S POETICAL WORKS. (Oxford Miniature Edition. Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.) This small volume is well worthy of the press from which it issues. At first handling, the smallness and lightness of the volume incline one to doubt whether all the poems can possibly be bound within its red covers. But they are, and very excellently printed, too, in clear, good type, not too small, and strongly bound.

a WEBSTER AND TOURNEUR. b THOMAS HEYWOOD. With Introductions by John Addington Symonds. JOHN FORD. With Introduction and notes by Havelock Ellis. WILLIAM WYCHERLEY. With Introduction and notes by W. C. Ward. (Mermaid Series [thin paper]. Unwin. 2s. 6d. net each.) The four latest volumes of this series will recommend themselves to students of our old drama. Charles Lamb once said, "If I were to be consulted as to a reprint of our old English dramatists I should advise, to begin with, the collected plays of Heywood." Here we have Heywood, Wycherley, Ford, and Webster, in these up-to-date reprints. The volumes are daintily and attractively bound; it is no longer necessary to read old books in ponderous tomes.

a THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE. Translated by Longfellow. b A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY. Selected and arranged by Charles Mackay, LL.D. (Routledge.) Old friends in new covers; nothing need be said about the friends, but the green limp leather covers are tasteful and pleasant to hold.

THE BROADWAY BOOKLETS. (Routledge.) Two neat little cases, each containing three small volumes of poems, among which we note the Rubaiyat, with very pleasing illustrations by Jessie M. King, a volume of verses about children, and three of Tennyson's poems.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

Davidson, D.D. (A. B.), Old Testament Prophecy (edited by J. A. Paterson, D.D.) (Clark) net 10/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

Benson (Vincent), The Temple of Friendship and Other Poems (Blackwell) net 3/6
Ommanney (C. E.), compiled by, True to the Flag, Soldiers' Poems (Routledge) net 1/0
Toynbee (Mrs. Paget), The Letters of Horace Walpole, Fourth Earl of Orford, Vols. I-IV. (Oxford), each net 6/0
Blunt (Wilfrid Scawen), done into English Verse by, translated from the original Arabic by Lady Anne Plunk, The Seven Golden Odes of Pagan Arabia, known also as the Muallakat (Oxford Press) net 5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Salter (Charles Neeld), Consolidation and Decline. (Kegan Paul) 6/0
Gibbs (Philip H.), Australasia: The Britains of the South. India: Our Eastern Empire. (Cassell) each 2/6
Green (John Richard), A Short History of the English People, Part 38 (Macmillan) net 0/6
Cheserton (G. K.) and Melville (Lewis), Thackeray (Hodder and Stoughton) net 1/0
A Keystone of Empire, Francis Joseph of Austria, by the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" (Harper) 7/6
Graham (R. B. Cunningham), Hernando de Soto: Together with an Account of One of His Captains, Gonzalo Silvestre (Heinemann) (Bell) net 1/0
Shedlock, B.A. (J. S.), Beethoven (Miniature Series) (Bell) net 1/0
Front, R.A. (Ebenezer), Mozart (" ") net 1/0
Tolhurst (Henry), Gounod (" ") net 1/0
Wyndham (H. Saxe), Arthur Sullivan (" ") net 1/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, 1901 (Government Printing Office, Washington)
Moss (A.), Fatigue (translated by Margaret Drummond, M.A., and W. B. Drummond, M.B.) (Sonnenschein) 4/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. (J. G.), The Handy Touring Atlas of the British Isles (Newnes) net 1/0
Kennedy (Bart), A Tramp in Spain from Andalusia to Andorra. (") net 10/6
Sladen (Douglas), Queer Things about Japan. (Treherne) net 21/0
Shand (Alex. Innes), Old Time Travel. (Murray) net 12/0

ART

Crane (Walter) and Day (Lewis F.), Moot Points, Friendly Disputes on Art and Industry. (Batsford) net 1/6

EDUCATIONAL

Hall and Stevens, A School Geometry, Part V. (Macmillan) 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS

Cook (Mrs. E. T.), From a Woman's Note-Book. (Allen) 5/0
Debrett's Peerage, Baronage, Knightage, and Companionship, for 1904 (Dean) net 31/6
St. Leger (Captain S. E.), War Sketches in Colour (Black) net 20/0
Avebury, The Right Hon. Lord, Essays and Addresses. (Macmillan) 7/6
Vicarius, Junius Letters: The Mystery Cleared. (Stock) 2/6
F. C. G., Political Caricatures, 1903. (Arnold) 6/0
Barrington (Mrs. Russell), Leighton and John Kyle. (Douglas) net 1/6
Publications of the Modern Language Association of America (The Association, Cambridge, Mass.) \$1
Woodberry (George Edward), America in Literature (Harper) 5/0
Waggett, M.A. (Rev. P. N.), About Modern Thought and Christian Belief (Brown, Langham) 0/3
Selwyn (Thomas Kynaston), Eton in 1899-1900; A Diary of Boating and Other Events written in Greek (edited with Translation and Notes by the Rev. Edmond Warre, D.D., Headmaster of Eton) (Murray) net 10/6
Simpson (Frances), The Book of the Cat. (Cassell) net 15/0
Bristol Public Libraries Reference Catalogue, The Stuckey Lean Collection (Libraries Committee, Bristol) (Bemrose)
Solon (M. L.), A Brief History of Old English Porcelain. (News of the World)
The Sixpenny Almanac for 1904 (News of the World)
The Gloucester Diary and Directors' Calendar for 1904. (Brooke)
The Garden Diary and Calendar of Nature (Allen) 2/6
The Century Magazine, May-October, 1903. (Macmillan) 10/6

FICTION

"The Poet's Mystery," by Antonio Fogazzaro, translated by Anita MacMahon and Algernon Warren (Duckworth), 6/0; "How Hartman Won: A Story of Old Ontario," by Eric Bohn (Marshall), 3/6; "Legal T Leaves, being a Lawyer's Tales out of School," by E. F. Turner (Smith, Elder), 5/0; "King Assarhadon and Other Stories," by Leo Tolstoy, translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. M. (Free Age Press), 0/6 net; "Wylder's Hand," by J. Sheridan Le Fanu (Newnes), 0/6; "Turnpike Travellers," by Eleanor G. Hayden (Constable), 6/0; "Flush Times and Scimp, In the Wild West," by W. Carter Platts (Digby, Long), 5/6; "The Canon's Butterfly," by Max Baring (Greening), 6/0; "Jewel Sowers" (Greening), 6/0.

JUVENILE

"Playtime A B C," (Collins), 0/6; "Nursery Rhymes" (Collins), 1/0; "Happy Days at the Farm" (Collins), 1/0; "Sea Breezes" (Collins), 1/0; "Dolly Dimple and Other Stories" (Collins), 0/6; "The Eggs-Traordinary Adventures of the Humpty Dumpty Family," and "The Humpty Dumpty Elephant Book" (Treherne), 1/6 each; "Soldiers All" (Collins), 0/6; "The Infant Moralist," by Lady Helena Carnegie and Mrs. Arthur Bell (Brimley Johnson), net 3/0.

NEW EDITIONS

"Children's Rhymes, Games, Songs and Stories," by Robert Ford (Paisley: Gardner) net 3/6; "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins (Chatto and Windus), net 2/0; "Hypatia," Charles Kingsley (Nelson), net 2/0; "Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature," Vol. 3 (Chambers), net 10/6; "The Life of Thomas Arnold, D.D.," by Arthur Penryn Stanley, abridged and newly edited (Hutchinson), 1/0; "Kidnapped" and "Caitiana," by R. L. Stevenson (Cassell), each net 2/0; "Jack Sheppard," by W. Harrison Ainsworth (Greening), 0/6.

PERIODICALS

"The Burlington Magazine," "The Printseller and Collector," "The Brickbuilder," "The Lamp," "Field Naturalist's Quarterly," "Our Poultry" Part 26, "Animal Life" Christmas Number, "Publishers' Circular" Christmas Number, "The Women's Industrial News," "The Girl's Realm," "The Playgoer."

Foreign

BIOGRAPHICAL

Tiersot (Julien), Hector Berlioz et la Société de Son Temps. (Hachette)

FICTION

Ritter (William), Fillette slovaque. (Paris: Société du Mercure de France) 3 frs. 50

MISCELLANEOUS

Lavenère (L.), Almanak Alagoano Das Senhoras para 1904 (Maceio: Livraria Fonseca)
Lau, M.A. (Robert J.) and Langdon, B.D. (Stephen), The Annals of Ashurbanipal, No. 2 (Leiden: Brill)
Jelinek (Arthur L.), Bibliographie der vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte (Berlin: Duncker) 4 marks
Gazier (A.), Mélanges de Littérature et d'Histoire (Paris: Colin) 4 frs.
Deschamps (Gaston), La Vie et les Livres, Sixième Série. (") 3 frs. 50

NEW EDITIONS

L'Émigré, par Senac de Meilhan (Fontemoing) 7 frs. 50

Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

VII.—Passion at Parties.

IN speaking of my neighbours, I forgot to name a certain pretty lady. The omission was curious, but one's memory plays odd tricks. This particular pretty lady has a small nose, yet a most determined will; her pleasure is to take me where I do not wish to go, and to make me listen to sermons which I do not care to hear. She will sit in front of me—(many prefer her full face and she is well aware of the opinion); she will assure me that I am losing touch with humanity—(I see her often, too); she will bring clouds into her eyes at the thought of my slow heart—(I have reason to know that my heart beats, if anything, too quickly); she refuses to believe that I am happy—(I encourage the doubt because her solicitude on the subject is thrilling in proportion to the gloom I can assume). The cure she suggests for my precarious condition is more parties and more church. I thought, therefore, of giving this short paper a sub-title—"Manners at Church"—because the association of thoughts in my mind between church manners and passion at parties is based on one main root idea of what is inappropriate. Let me explain myself at once. In obedience to the pretty lady's invitation, I attended a party on Wednesday and I went to Church on Sunday. As I was announced at the party, a young Marchioness of the strictest virtue was entreating some one to "clasp her once more" and "kiss her once more." Her voice, which was very high and very light, must have pierced the assembled nobility and gentry who sat in front of her on chairs as she insisted on her imperative need of "one more long look," "one more mad hour." In my nervousness, I stepped on a jet bead which had fallen from some dress trimming on to the floor. The noise of the breaking bead disturbed the rapt listeners; I was stared at; the Lord Lieutenant's wife said, sternly, "Hush!" and my apology was drowned by a further cry from the Marchioness to the effect that she was her love's, and he and she were one. The next singer was a girl—a shy creature who blushed when the curate offered her some muffins. Nevertheless, she burst, without a qualm, into a coon song which, in Greek, would have been indecent, and, in plain English, revolting. But as it was written in a sham dialect, its grossness seemed entirely acceptable to the hearers, all of whom were quite the nicest people, as my pretty friend told me afterwards. I have heard songs sung in all languages and in many cities of the world (I have not always been a recluse); I cannot be shocked, and everything which is commonly called improper is, to me, either tragic, or insane, never, by any chance, funny. Inappropriateness,

however, I do feel, and it seemed to me that the two modest and virtuous ladies who warbled things, which are never uttered in public and seldom spoken at all, to a room full of other virtuous and modest women—either did not realise what they were saying or hoped that the others would imagine they did not. The listeners, on the other hand, were in a similar position and hoped that they passed—to the singers—for persons wholly ignorant of the elementary facts of human life. Hypocrisy of this kind makes an atmosphere distressing. Each one seems to be saying to his or her neighbour, "We know what it must mean, but we suppose it doesn't really." (I use the easy idioms of modern conversation.) After the party I said to my pretty friend, "Thank God, you do not sing coon songs." She coloured. "Or songs to beloveds," I added. When she is displeased, she moves her shoulders as birds do when they are putting their wings in order for flight. I caught this remark:—

"I never listen to the words."

I knew then that she had not missed a syllable.

On Sunday she was less animated, I thought, yet quite as determined. We sat side by side during the service, and she looked at me once only—when the priest entered the pulpit. He was permitted to read the text in comparative silence, and I saw, at a glance, that he had something to say. But, whereas one could have heard a bead breaking while the young woman howled in an intoxicated tone a repulsive coon song, every member of the congregation seemed affected, during the sermon, with an irrepressible whooping or rasping cough. The truer the priest's remarks, the louder the noise became; any brute or fowl among its kind has better manners than the average man and woman during a truthful sermon. I had not been inside a church for a very long time: I had only been to places of so-called amusement where the smallest bodily movement—and far more a loud breath—is violently resented by one's neighbours. But I waited vainly for someone to say "Hush" to the deliberate coughers, sneezers, sniffers, and outrageous disturbers of the peace in the House of God. Here was a case where one could not pretend to misunderstand the speaker's meaning. It was too clear and it was not altogether flattering to humanity. The coughers, therefore, were possibly coughing down their own chagrin and their own self-distrust. But I kept thinking of the breathless county and the young Marchioness shrieking for one more mad hour—one more wild kiss and the heart that was to beat against hers "under apple trees." Yet when a man asks solemnly—"How shall God judge the world?"—there is not a throat in a thousand that is not immediately assailed with croup.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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Heraclitus and Spencer

EVOOLUTION as a cosmic philosophy was dimly adumbrated by certain of the Greeks before Spencer arose to set it upon an inexpugnable foundation. There is no direct filiation of ideas, for he owed nothing to them, being apparently influenced more by von Baer, the great embryologist, than by anyone else; unless, indeed, he found his message in studying the work of Comte, whose philosophy is a permanent illustration by default of the value of a fundamental idea. Nevertheless, it is of interest to see how far the greatest of ancient philosophic

schools had reached out towards the idea which was to wait more than two thousand years for adequate and final expression.

Heraclitus of Ephesus was born about the year 535 B.C. The fragmentary state of his works and the obsession of academic thought by his critic Plato, are largely accountable for the comparative obscurity of his name. He enunciated, as the principle of the universe, "Becoming," nor need we discuss the idea with which it was overlaid, that every thing is, and at the same time and in the same relation, is

not. That is metaphysics and is a typical episode in its pointless history of word-worship. Suffice it that with this leading idea of "Becoming," Heraclitus upheld the great principle of continuity, the law of eternal consequence, which is implicit in all modern thought. Everything to him is in a state of eternal flux; all things are, yet nothing remains. This is clearly a part of the Spencerian conception. Furthermore, Heraclitus had the idea of rhythm which is an essential part of the Spencerian system. Fire he conceived to be the principle of all things, and as everything came from fire, so to fire must all things return. This may be regarded, with a little stretch of the meaning, as an anticipation of the nebular theory, which was Spencer's type of evolution in the inorganic world. For if we think of the primitive nebula, from which the solar system is formed, as a great "fire-mist," and if we remember the probable end of the solar system, dissipated by collision with other bodies in space into such another "fire-mist," we are almost entitled to regard the idea of Heraclitus as foreshadowing an important part of the evidence for the theory of evolution.

In his conception of ethics, also, Heraclitus went far in the direction which Hegel and Comte—without the guiding principle—and Spencer with it, have later trod. "The law of things," he says, "is a law of Reason Universal, but most men live as though they had a wisdom of their own." Ethics was therefore to him the crown of his system, and in so far he was a precursor of modern thought. The system of Heraclitus contains much to which we can yield no assent. There is no evidence that he possessed the power of exact thinking, the cosmic grasp of intellect, or the sound method of the great Englishman whom all the thinking world mourns and honours to-day; but in so far as he may legitimately be regarded as having reached out, however blindly, towards the goal which human thought gained last century, so far is he worthy of honour and remembrance when so many of his fellow-countrymen are passing into the oblivion from which a mistaken conception of philosophy as an *à priori* exercise of the human mind has so long rescued them.

To Spencer, also, as many of his whilome opponents are now learning, ethics was the crown of all human thought. To establish a system of ethics—in harmony with "Reason Universal"—was ever the ultimate aim towards which for half-a-century he toiled. For this philosopher—whom the ridiculous have called "materialist"—believed in an infinite and eternal energy of which all things are the phenomena. Like his opponent Carlyle, but on philosophic grounds, he believed that "the great soul of the world is just"—for we cannot conceive of an infinite and eternal energy as unjust—and he laboured, verily not without success, to read upon the face of Nature the laws that will some day resolve into harmony all discords between her tones and ours.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Egomet

I READ in bed—in fact there are certain books which I do not care to peruse elsewhere. Time and again, when sleep-hour has struck, have I scanned my shelves in doubt as to what volume I should carry to my bedroom. Always I have come back to the same select few. Thackeray has named "Montaigne's Essays" and "Howell's Letters" as companionable bed-books; as to the latter I agree, but the former has always been a difficulty to me: I realise that it is charming, but for me it has no charm. Which then are my bed-books?

Thackeray himself holds an honoured place. "The Roundabout Papers" were born for bed-reading; so were "The Four Georges," so too his "Letters"; no one

knows how to chat so well as he did, and often has he talked me to sleep. For I read until my eyes will no longer keep open, until I no longer understand my author, until the words run one into the other; then, close the volume and extinguish the candle; no gas or electric glare for me. Lamb is another perfect bed-fellow; Coleridge's "Table Talk," Cowley's "Essays" and Bacon's, Shakespeare, Keats, FitzGerald's "Letters" and Hawthorne's; all these. Many novels too have I read in bed—Goldsmith, Fielding, Miss Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Peacock, Hawthorne, Trollope, Marryat, Borrow, Carleton, Charlotte Brontë, Conrad, Morrison and many another. Old plays too. Above all, biographies and autobiographies, the latter more particularly, new and not new.

I know no line of reason which I apply to my bed-reading, which is ruled by reason just as much as is the world—and no more. I read, no matter how late be the hour at which I go to rest. On the other hand, often have I taken me to bed, preferring to read there to doing so in my arm-chair. In the winter of all the seasons is bed-reading commendable. How cosy a warm bed, a soft pillow, a glowing fire, my candle and my book. Let no man say that he has exhausted the pleasures of life who has not read in bed on a frosty winter night. As to women—I do not fancy bed-books appeal to them, at least so I judge from the replies of the few to whom I have ventured to speak on the subject: women are seldom literary browsers.

Once even I read right through the night, the book "The Virginians." The early dawn—it was summer—knocked at my window and bade me extinguish my little light, which I did, read on, rose at my accustomed hour, and none the worse. Probably none the better? Certainly I had done well; had I slept I might have dreamt, of what who can tell? Better a good book in the hand than a bad dream in the brain. It is ten o'clock! To bed! Here is my candle, here is—no, I have yet to choose my book. Which shall it be? Shelley's "Letters," no; de Quincey, no; Carlyle, no; Miss Edgeworth, NO; ah, "Lavengro," yes! Good night. But—not good night to my book; I will journey for an hour or so yet with lusty George along English lanes, or across Irish bogs, or up Edinburgh crags, or over Welsh hills, and then—good night to him and me.

E. G. O.

"POLITICAL CARICATURES—1903," by F. C. G. (Arnold, 6s. net), are too political for detailed discussion in the pages of THE ACADEMY, but it will be admitted by all that the artist's humour mellows as time goes by, and that he is as skilful as ever in adapting to the uses of a political party a genius that was meant for mankind. But what would F. C. G. do were Mr. Chamberlain to retire?

THE BUMBLEPUFFY BOOK. By Carolyn Wells. With pictures by Oliver Herford. This book, though at first sight it might be mistaken as meant for children, is not really anything of the kind. Only "grown-ups" could adequately appreciate some of the pictures, as, for instance, that of the bookworms with bulging eyes and reading lamps for hats, or the Bumblepuppy itself. The pictures are accompanied by verses.

a DOLLY DIMPLE. b SOLDIERS. c PLAYTIME. A. B. C. (Collins. 6d. each.) d NURSERY RHYMES. e HAPPY DAYS AT THE FARM. f SEA BREEZES. (Collins. 1s. each.) For very young children, to whom the illustration is the main thing in literature, nothing could be better than these brightly coloured and cheap books. Some of these volumes are untearable, very often a great recommendation, and all have stiff cardboard covers.

Dramatic Notes

How full of life, vigour, sap were those Elizabethan playwrights! Which fact is borne in on me once again by a fresh reading of Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist," edited by Mr. H. C. Hart, and sumptuously printed at the De La More Press (7s. 6d. net). How full of life are the characters, how vigorous the

Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub;
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our argent-vine, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gathered into Jason's helm,
(The Alembic), and then sowed in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they're fixed.



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON: ST. HELEN'S CHURCH, BISHOPSGATE

[Photo. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane.]

action. Compare it with almost any modern-day play and note the differences. To readers of three hundred years hence but a very shadowy picture of the life of to-day will be given by the dramas and comedies of to-day. To us, however, the dramatists of Elizabeth and James have handed down plays almost startling in their graphic representation of the manners and customs of three centuries ago. Were all other records destroyed it would be easy to construct a lifelike picture of life in those days from the works of the playwrights.

"THE ALCHEMIST" is a striking play in more ways than one; the plot is simple and clear, the characters are firmly drawn and the action is vigorous, so much so that as one reads the play unconsciously one begins to act the parts seeing in the mind's eye the grouping and the movements of the players. But apart from its merits as a play "The Alchemist" is valuable as an historical document, painting strongly for us a section of London life not altogether savoury but altogether amusing. "Our scene is London" and our company knaves and fools, but what fools and knaves, pulsing with life, rushing on from word to deed in breathless style.

THEN as one reads the question arises as to whether an ordinary audience of those days could follow and understand such a speech as this:—

I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,

How now? Or:—

Yes, son, were I assured
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it. But I hope the best.
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow.
And give him imbibition.

And so on and so forth. What would a modern play-audience say to a learned discussion on radium or wireless telegraphy? Not much, but would silently keep away. Rare Ben! Had he always written as he did write in "The Alchemist" he would stand nearer the god of his idolatry. As for the present edition it is excellent in every way; a model of a play-book.

"S. L. R." in a long letter argues that I have not done justice to Mr. Tree's production of "Richard II." and other plays of Shakespeare, concluding with the remark that "to have drawn crowds to see Shakespeare's plays is sure a work of merit." Not necessarily. In the case of Richard II. it is not Shakespeare but pageantry that has "drawn crowds" to His Majesty's Theatre. Of this production it may fairly be said that with alterations it would have been more worthy of Mr. Tree's reputation. Had less time been devoted to playing bowls in the first scene, and no time given to the circus-like procession in Bolingbroke's entry to London, fewer cuts would have been necessary in the text, and, I believe, to the general public the performance would have been as attractive. Much of

the pageantry and of the really beautiful scenery would have remained, certainly the more worthy portion, such as the stately scene in Westminster Hall and the "Coast of Wales," with its fine landscape and excellent foreground. Then, too, the "transparency"—a waxwork-like tableau—of the coronation of Bolingbroke should never have been inserted at the close of the play. Mr. Tree seems to be afraid to leave anything to the imagination of his audiences.

BUT after all, Mr. Tree must be a business man as well as an artist, and if the public demand raree-shows there, as far as he is concerned, must be an end on't. But does the public make such demands as Mr. Tree is apparently ready to fulfil? As indicated, I believe playgoers would have been very well content in the present instance with less Tree and more Shakespeare. An example was given lately by Mr. Leigh at the Court Theatre of how easily the public can be pleased; at that theatre with quite inadequate scenery and barely adequate acting "The Tempest" ran for fifty nights.

ERNST VON WILDENBRUCH read his new play, "Der unsterbliche Felix," to a few favoured friends in Berlin the other day. It is to be produced at Weimar very shortly and may possibly be performed at a Berlin theatre for the first time on the same evening.

ANYONE who happened to have been visiting Berlin last week might, besides plays by native dramatists, have witnessed dramas by Strindberg, Björnson, Tolstoy, and Oscar Wilde.

"MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER," the play by Mr. Lyl Swete which Mr. Lewis Waller has accepted, is a story of the American War of Independence—Harry Peyton, the hero, is one of the many cadets of old Virginian families who were sent to England to be educated. When the war breaks out, he finds that in spite of the fact that he holds a commission in the British Army his sympathies are with his native country. Accordingly he deserts to the rebels, and "borrows" or steals a horse from a loyal family of the name of Philips. Miss Elizabeth, the daughter of the house, is furiously indignant, and when later the fortune of war places Harry Peyton in her hands, wounded and helpless, she does not allow her womanly ministrations to interfere with her firm purpose of handing the conscientious deserter over to the British authorities. Peyton, in order to soften her determination, makes desperate love to her, and in pity for his hopeless passion she has almost forgiven him, when chance reveals to her the fact that he is only playing at love. In a fit of pique, she sets to work to make his pretended passion real and succeeds. She wins his heart—at the cost of her own—and the play ends happily.

AT the Court Theatre every afternoon during Christmas time will be given a children's programme composed of two plays adapted from well-known children's stories. The longer of the two will be a version of Grimm's story "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men," in two acts with music. The intention is to give a fanciful musical play rather than a pantomime. In "Brer Rabbit" the effects will naturally be of a more broadly comic character, and altogether between the two plays every department of childish taste will be cared for. Both plays have been written by Mr. Philip Carr, whose name will be remembered in connection with the authorship of "Shock-headed Peter," and the music has been composed by Mr. Charles W. Smith.

Musical Notes

MUSIC was one of the late Mr. Spencer's life-long interests. In his younger days he possessed an excellent bass voice, which he delighted to employ both in solos and in part-songs, while throughout his life he was a constant attendant of the opera house and the concert room. Every student of his writings is acquainted also with his masterly essay entitled "The Origin and Function of Music," one of the earliest of those wonderful papers which first attracted the attention of the world and proclaimed the fact that a thinker of the first order had appeared, while in his latest published work, the slim volume of miscellaneous fragments issued under the title "Facts and Comments," he deals with the subject again. Mr. Spencer's theory of the origin of music has not escaped criticism, but the essay in question, which was published in the fifties, remains none the less to this day one of the most luminous and suggestive contributions to an obscure and difficult subject ever penned.

MR. SPENCER took his stand upon the assumption that all music is derived from vocal music and that vocal music in its turn developed originally from the heightened and intensified inflections of natural speech. With what force of argument and wealth of illustration this thesis is worked out no one acquainted with Mr. Spencer's methods will need to be told, but to all music lovers not familiar with it already the essay in question may be commended as one of the most fascinating which even Mr. Spencer ever penned. Concerning the function as distinguished from the origin of music, Mr. Spencer held that one of the most important ends which music subserved was the cultivation of the expressiveness of the voice and of the inflections of daily speech whereby the finer shades of emotion are conveyed. Defining these inflections as the comments of the emotions upon the propositions of the intellect, Spencer argues that these play an essential part in the expression of the feelings, and that therefore whatever operates to extend and develop their employment, as music must, discharges a most valuable function.

IN his actual musical tastes Mr. Spencer, as might have been expected, was somewhat old-fashioned according to our modern notions. In the music of the older composers, such as Haydn and Mozart, he found his chief delight, while in regard to opera he seems never to have progressed much beyond Meyerbeer, whose "Robert, toi que j'aime" he considered especially fine. Wagner he never got to like, though I have heard that he based his distaste for his music on grounds quite different from those commonly assigned by anti-Wagnerites. So far from finding the music of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" beyond his comprehension, one of his chief complaints was that he always knew beforehand precisely what was coming—which is certainly not what most of their critics used to say concerning those works and their companions. Whether Mr. Spencer would have found Richard Strauss equally plain sailing I will not venture to speculate.

THE Berlioz centenary concerts of which the last, conducted by Richard Strauss, has now been given, have revealed the not very surprising truth that the music of Berlioz has very slight hold on the London musical public. So much might have been deduced beforehand from the fact that his works figure so seldom in a general way in the concerts of the day; but apparently it was supposed that these performances would be well attended in honour of the composer's centenary, and the miscalculation must have meant the losing of a large amount of money. The

truth is that, be the fact to its credit or not, the public is seldom influenced in the slightest degree by historical considerations of this kind—as has been proved in scores of like cases before, while, as usual too, matters were made worse by the thing being grievously overdone. One Berlioz concert might possibly have drawn a respectable audience. Three proved too many altogether and in the result all suffered. If concert givers would have the sense to take counsel together and avoid competing against one another in this disastrous manner, there would certainly be gain all round. But it is hardly likely that they will ever do this. They prefer to ignore each other's enterprises and to go on cutting each other's throats.

If, even, seeing that the previous Berlioz concerts had drawn so badly the promoters of that given last week had modified their programme and had substituted, say, two or three of Richard Strauss's own works for those originally announced they would have done a wise thing. The attendance might not have been much larger, for Strauss has still to prove himself a "draw" so far as the general public is concerned. But the interest of those who were present would certainly have been stimulated. There was not much point in hearing Strauss conduct the "Carnaval Romain" overture and the rest, for Weingartner and many other conductors can do this better. On the other hand, to have heard him direct performances of "Also sprach Zarathustra" and "Don Quixote" once again would have been full of interest. As a conductor Strauss is capable, but no genius. Perhaps indeed he is too modest and retiring by nature to make a great orchestral chief. His gentle and apologetic manner endears him to his orchestra; but that way great results are not secured.

EVEN more interesting in its way, perhaps, was the song recital given by Dr. Strauss and his wife earlier in the week. It was submitting his songs to a severe test to devote a whole programme to them in this fashion, but it must be confessed that they withstood the ordeal extraordinarily well. Strauss is unquestionably a song writer of genius, and if his methods depart considerably from those of Brahms and Schumann, say, not to mention Franz and Schubert, this is merely another way of saying that they are absolutely original and independent of convention. Alike in his harmonies, his intervals, his modulations, and in other technical details, Strauss is, if not exactly a law unto himself, at all events profoundly individual, while the effects of colour which he obtains in his accompaniments are as fascinating as they are remarkable. In the fidelity with which he adheres to his text also, so that the subtlest shades of thought are mirrored in his music, Strauss is also remarkable, while the singular independence of voice and accompaniment, respectively, is another characteristic feature of his vocal works which adds to their interest and charm as it must no less certainly increase the difficulty of their interpretation. But happily on the occasion referred to there was not the smallest ground for misgiving on the latter score, since Madame Strauss de Ahna sings her husband's works quite perfectly. Her rendering of the fantastic "Jung Hexenlied" especially was extraordinarily successful, while it needs no telling that in her husband she had a perfect accompanist.

If there is anything in the doctrine of "pegging away," National English Opera should certainly get itself established before long through the efforts of Mr. Charles Manners. Undaunted by the fact that his last season at Covent Garden failed to yield unfortunately that balance to the good which was to form the nucleus of the capital

of the aforesaid National Opera House which is to be, Mr. Manners is proceeding in exuberant spirits with his project for a three-months season at Drury Lane next year, and in a six-page circular on the subject which I have received, takes the whole world into his confidence on the subject in a delightfully ingenuous fashion. Whatever the outcome, the experiment of running a three-months season of opera in English at popular prices, side by side with that of Covent Garden at prices emphatically not popular, will certainly be followed with interest, and I, for one, hope that it will be attended with all the success which Mr. Manners anticipates. Among other things, I notice that Mr. Manners proposes during his season to introduce free lectures on voice-production, elocution, and so on, also little lecturettes before the curtain rises on the work to be performed, and other novel features, while, as before, he enters into a self-denying undertaking to devote all his profits, if such are realized, to start that fund for National Opera which, so often talked about, has so far eluded all attempts at materialization.

THE Leeds committee have been unfortunate in their arrangements for next season. With a proper appreciation of the musical time of day they approached both Dr. Strauss and Dr. Elgar in the first instance, it appears, with a request for new works, but as it turns out without result in either case. Dr. Elgar promised a symphony, but has since taken back his offer, while the terms of Dr. Strauss's representatives, it is said, were too high for the canny Yorkshiremen. One can understand readily enough that the committee of a British festival, accustomed in the past to get its novelties from native composers free, gratis, and for nothing, would be horrified at the notion of paying anything like a large fee for the right of performing a new work. At the same time the result is undoubtedly disappointing and will operate largely to rob the Leeds Festival next year of such interest as it might otherwise have possessed. And so much one may say without any disrespect to Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Dr. H. Walford Davies and Dr. Charles Wood, who have promised new works.

THE publication of a new edition of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, to be sold only in the complete sets of twelve volumes at £3 15s. for cash or £4 by instalments, is an interesting experiment, the outcome of which will be watched with considerable interest. The Alston Rivers Company, acting in friendly co-operation with Messrs. Chappell & Co., by whom the works were originally published, are responsible for the venture, which will give the public a complete and uniform edition of these world-famous English operas at a price which, on the face of it, seems extremely reasonable. To what extent the public will desire to possess themselves of the whole of the operas in this way remains to be seen, and I cannot help fancying that it would be as well to provide for the sale of single numbers from the set if required. But doubtless the firm in question have thought the matter out and know their own business best. Undoubtedly the "Savoy" operas (as the new edition is to be known) differ from most works of their class alike in respect of their permanent value and their historic interest. Fancy anyone proposing a similar collection of some of the works by which they have been succeeded—say those various "Girls" who have tripped across the stage of musical comedy within recent years! Worse still, fancy being compelled to play and sing them!

Art Notes

THE prize-giving at the Royal Academy Schools this year has come and gone, and the great prize, the gold medal for painting with its travelling studentship of £200, has been withheld. On looking round the walls of these great galleries, and scanning the work done, I breathe the breath of relief—it almost looks as if the Academy were waking up—indeed, the giving of this travelling studentship should be the encouragement of a promising artist, and the withholding of it from the students this year does the Academy every credit. That the Forty should set down a firm foot against the encouragement of the mediocre dauber is one of the happiest of signs. But negative virtue is not the only happy attribute of the Academicians this year. Their choice in the matter of the winner of the travelling studentship in 1901 has shown this somewhat sluggish body to be coming to life; their judgment has been well rewarded. The student, Mr. George Murray, has spent his time in Spain, and Spain and his own brilliant gifts have made a poet of him.

Not only does the work done by the holder of the travelling studentship show strongly on these walls against the mediocre display of the present year, but there is scarcely a sketch amongst his contributions that would not have held its own in the great summer show. There is more than one poetic landscape, painted with vigorous mastery, and each is conceived with a beauty that promises to take this man very far. He has not only caught the spirit and the atmosphere of Spain; but he shows a range in technique, in the different mediums, and in subject, that will save him from the monotony of subject and treatment only too often the result of early success in an artist. The Spanish dance, which owes not a little to Sargent's genius, is excellent—full of the swing of skirt and of the jiggling movement and pulsing rhythm of the thing. Indeed, the Spanish are the dancers of the world.

THERE is a large landscape by this young fellow that is seen freshly and individually, and its beauty is as great as the power with which the mood of the thing, the twilight and the fragrance of the evening, are set down and transmitted to our sight. Mr. George Murray will not have to wait long to enter into the garden of success. He is a good worker by all proof, and he never does a slovenly thing—never paints for the mere killing of time. Every sketch is the expression of a mood—of something felt. He is in fact an artist.

IN the realm of sculpture, the last holder of the travelling studentship makes his mark also with a fine group of a mother and child; whilst the newly-elected student, Mr. Arthur Charles White, wins a well-deserved success with his very remarkable group of "Three Generations"—a group in which the national feeling for character-drawing is pre-eminently strong, and wedded to a sense of composition, a mastery of form, and a knowledge of the limits and capacity of the modelled group, all of which makes for a fine accomplishment and a brilliant career.

THE Academy has good reason to be proud of three or four of its students, and is even more to be congratulated on its determination to cease the encouragement of mediocre talents.

THERE is a large charcoal figure of a girl with a dove by Miss Lilian Price Edwards which should not be allowed to go unnoticed; whilst I am glad to see that no academic priggishness prevented the awarding of the Turner gold medal to Mr. Lobley. This subject of "An Express Train at Sunset" seems to have laid bare more than ordinary the absolute dearth of imagination in the average art student—most of the pictures in this competition are pitiful.

"BELL'S MINIATURE SERIES OF PAINTERS" keeps up wonderfully well to the full strength of its limits—an admirable little survey of the artist's life, eight illustrations from his masterpieces—the whole bound daintily for a shilling. It seems almost carping to regret that the Louvre portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels does not appear in the "Rembrandt"—yet what is the life of Rembrandt without the faithful, the loyal Hendrickje? Nevertheless, the author has done wonders within his space. The "Constable" is also a good little biography, and the illustrations are as representative as one could expect on so small a scale—the little process-block of Salisbury Cathedral is excellent. The "Turner" contains a gossiping and interesting life, and its illustrations are very fairly representative. The descriptions of the pictures are somewhat elaborate for so small a book; indeed, Miss Albinia Wherry's interesting "Life" makes us wish for more of the "life" or "art," and less of the catalogue; she has done her work with tact, and made her gossip good gossip.

WHAT can be done with photography in the hands of a man who is a thorough artist is surely done by Mr. Histed of Baker Street. His window is always a source of fascination to me, and I can understand anyone who cannot afford a portrait by the two or three great portrait painters we possess preferring to a commonplace portrait in oils one of the remarkable pictures that Mr. Histed makes in collusion with the sun. I wandered into his rooms the other day, and the very great beauty of some of his work was a marvel to me. He has conquered the difficulties of tone until he gets a quality into his blacks that rivals the old mezzotints. His sense of composition and his spacing of black and white, his large feeling for deep resounding darks and his forcing up of the character of the head—these things lift him out of the region of the mere photographer and prove him to be gifted with the vision of an artist.

THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY witnessed the unveiling by the Lord Mayor of the bust of Chaucer commissioned by the generosity of Sir Reginald Hanson for the City. The munificent alderman wisely chose Mr. Frampton for the work; and in spite of much jeering at the City and at the City Fathers and at Burgess taste, it sometimes makes me wonder what would have happened to many an artist if the City had been as wholly vulgar as some critics say it is!

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, or, as they are better known in the studios, the Suffolk Street men, intend to strengthen their position by adding half a dozen good water-colour painters to their number. There will be a special meeting of the Society on January 11 to this end; and candidates are asked to leave their work at the gallery not later than mid-day on that day. I would suggest (I speak without a list of members) that Charles Conder, James Pryde, William Nicholson, Gordon Craig, Raven Hill, Crawhall, would strengthen any society.

I WENT to the private view of the collection of sketches at Lord Leighton's house on Sunday. It was like going

to a funeral—the dead leaves of his career fluttered through the rooms—faces one had seen, not quite so old then, seemed to haunt the rooms, but grown so much older the last ten years. To me a sad business. Indeed, I think the purchase of the house was a mistake—already the red place seems to have become what an Irishman would call a white elephant. It is the dead husk without the soul. Altogether a melancholy business. Of the majestic line and large composition, the growing harmonies and rich southern colour, but little hint. The sigh of death echoing through the strange place. I was glad to get out of it—even though it rained in the abominable world without.

THERE are some little landscapes by Dutchmen well worth looking at if the picture-lover saunter into the Holland Fine Art Gallery in Grafton Street; and a Scotchman or two holds his place well amongst these other fine colourists.

MR. COLLINGS shows a number of his accomplished water-colour landscapes at the Dowdeswell Galleries in Bond Street. Always sound in his craftsmanship, if a little thin in the body of his paint, Mr. Collings gives us charming little pictures of English scenery that are fresh and sweet, and within their dainty limits quick and nervous and deftly done.

THE "Burlington Magazine" increases in interest as it proceeds, and this ninth number contains more than one interesting paper, and several handsome blocks. The portrait of "Lady Mendip" by Gainsborough, from the Normanton collection, is worth the half-crown paid for the number. I have never seen the original; but this large process block whets the desire to make a pilgrimage. A superb thing! There is a fascinating series of illustrations to an article on "Three Packs of Italian Tarocco Cards"; and a process block of a remarkably fine "Saint Donatian" by Jean Gossart of Mauberge—the hand is particularly fine. The second article by Mr. Ralph Nevill upon Fragonard is illustrated by a full-page block of the superb "La Fête de Saint Cloud," which gives the large sense of this largely conceived masterpiece, of its dramatic arrangement, and of its superbly romantic qualities. Was ever Punchinello treated so magnificently as in this? Did the quaint tragedy ever loom so fantastically, or the noisy comedy so recklessly, as in that wondrous witty work of Jean Honoré Fragonard's? Mr. Miller Christy seems to have given as much of his life to the Tinder Box as some theologians to the Higher Criticism.

MR. JAMES J. GUTHRIE, of the Old Bourne and Pear Tree Presses, and editor of "Books and Bookplates," has set up the Harting School with the idea of supplying the necessary workshop training for the fine printing of books. He hopes to add wood-engraving and book-binding to the scheme. This school of handicraft in relation to the making of books is situate in the village of Harting; but whether the making of books will attract the student to the "excellent lodgings" in the village is a question which I fear has but one answer.

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received: Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*Theological*); Messrs. Parker and Son, Oxford (*General*); Mr. William Downing, Birmingham (*Chaucer's Head Library Catalogue, December*); Mr. R. Hall, Tunbridge Wells (*Miscellaneous*); Mr. F. Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*First Editions, General*); Messrs. Henry Sotheran & Co., Strand (*General*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*General*); Mr. Thomas Thorne (*General*); Mr. W. M. Voynich, Soho Square (*General*).

THE following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution, before Easter: A Christmas course of lectures (illustrated by lantern slides and adapted to a juvenile auditory) on Extinct Animals, by Professor Ray Lankester; Professor M. C. Miall, Fulleren Professor of Physiology, R.I., six lectures on the Development and Transformations of Animals; Mr. E. Foxwell, three lectures on Japanese Life and Character; Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, two lectures on the Doctrine of Heaven and Hell in Ancient Egypt, and the Books of the Underworld; Mr. G. R. M. Murray, three lectures on the Flora of the Ocean; Mr. A. D. Hall, three lectures on Recent Research in Agriculture; Professor H. L. Callendar, three lectures on Electrical Methods of Measuring Temperature; Mr. Sidney Lee, two lectures on Shakespeare as Contemporaries Knew Him; Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, three lectures on British Folk-Song (with vocal illustrations); Mr. W. L. Courtney, two lectures on Comedy: Ancient and Modern; and six lectures by the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh on Physics. During the season 1904 the lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays will be delivered at 5 o'clock, and the Saturday lectures at 3 o'clock. The Friday evening meetings will begin on January 15, when a discourse will be delivered by the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh on Shadows; succeeding discourses will probably be given by the Rev. Walter Sidgreaves, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, Mr. Alfred Austin, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. H. Brereton Baker, Mr. Alexander Siemens, Professor W. Stirling, Professor F. T. Trouton, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Professor Dewar and other gentlemen.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE are about to make an original departure in "Bridge" publication. Just before Christmas, they will issue a new "Bridge" scoring block invented by Major Thomson, at the back of which will be printed a series of hints by Mr. Archibald Dunne, a well-known authority on the game.

EITHER to-day or on Monday, Messrs. Cassell and Co. will publish a volume containing fifty-eight facsimile reproductions of the water-colour sketches of Turner. The volume is to include a descriptive text by Mr. Theodore Cook. The reproductions will, of course, be in colour and are to comprise the whole of the "Seine" series, together with all the "Rivers and Harbours of England" pictures. In order to secure the closest possible similarity to the originals, each picture in the volume will be framed in a special mount of the same tone as that adopted by Ruskin for the actual paintings. This portion of the work is being produced under the direction of Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I. Every plate has been carefully examined by that gentleman and other experts, and it is accordingly claimed that no imperfect impression will appear. Those prints which I have personally examined seem to be very close copies of the originals alike as to size, mounting, and colour results. The edition will be limited to 1,200 copies, each of which is to be numbered. The price of the volumes is three guineas.

Correspondence

"Music at the Close"

SIR,—Apologies for the solace given by music to Mr. Herbert Spencer in his last hours it may be worthy of mention that Mirabeau when dying said to Cabanis, the great physician: "My friend, I shall die to-day. When one has got to that stage the only thing left to do is to perfume oneself, to crown oneself with flowers to surround oneself with music, and thus enter pleasantly into that deep sleep from which there comes no awakening."

At the time I first read this it seemed to lend itself to versification with the following result. The sentiment is too hedonistic

I suspect, to appeal to the majority of your readers, and I confess that to me it does not seem the most fitting attitude to assume in presence of the Dread Conqueror. I merely give it as a somewhat striking parallel to last week's letter headed "Music at the Close."

"When I am at the point to die,
Oh, bring me flowers.
With dance and glee and madrigal
Crown the last hours.
"Let perfumes loose upon the air,
Oh, let it languish,
With attars, balms, and bergamots
To dull my anguish.
"So let me have a last regale
On earth's sweet diet;
Once more, dear mortal senses, thrill,
And then—sleep quiet."

—Yours, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

SIR,—I copied the poem (freely) translated by G. du Maurier, many years ago. It was then ascribed to Sully Prud'homme.—Yours, &c.,

S. B.

Shelley's "Victor and Cazire"

SIR,—I noticed the other day that Mr. T. J. Wise had purchased privately, through Messrs. Sotheby, a third copy of this rare volume, after paying £600 for a second copy in their rooms some time ago.

It may interest Mr. Wise to know that there is a fourth copy in Scotland which is not for sale—a copy with Shelley's presentation autograph on the fly-leaf, as clean as the day it was issued. It belongs to a relative of my own whose library will eventually come into the possession of—Yours, &c.,

G. S.

The Date of Charles Lamb's Birth

SIR,—One would have thought that if there is one fact in Charles Lamb's life about which there ought to be no doubt in the minds of "authorities," it is the correct date of his birth. In the interesting and most useful Almanac issued with THE ACADEMY, this important event is stated to have taken place on February 18, 1775. It was certainly so stated by Talfourd, afterwards by Proctor, and again more recently by Mr. Augustine Birrell in his introduction to the "Essays of Elia," published by Messrs. Dent & Co., and repeated within the last month or so by the same gentleman in his introduction to Messrs. Blackie's edition of the Essays. That this is an error can be easily proved by a reference to the "Letters," in one of which Lamb, writing to Southey on July 28, 1798, states, "My birthday is on the 10th of February," and again in one to Bernard Barton, dated February 10, 1825, "I am fifty years old this day. Drink my health."

If further evidence be required "to make assurance double sure," this may be found in the extract from the Temple Register of the births of the Lamb family which the late Mr. Charles Kent published in his Centenary edition of the "Works" so far back as 1875.

I am aware that in another letter, dated February 11, 1833, Lamb says, "I had sneaking hopes you would have dropt in to-day, 'tis my poor birthday," but I think it may be boldly stated, without begging the question, that this has been misread for the 10th, as the latter written indistinctly would appear very similar to the former.—Yours, &c.,

S. BUTTERWORTH, Major,
R.A.M.C.

The Castle, Carlisle.

Keats's Grecian Urn

SIR,—Referring to the letter on the above subject in THE ACADEMY for week ending December 5, I beg to say that I have always deemed Keats's poem greatly overrated. A poet is permitted to embellish nature, but he is not at liberty to falsify it. The following is an instance in which Keats is guilty of that ridiculous and inexcusable fault in the poem under consideration:—

"Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what great altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?"

My experience of heifers is that under no circumstances whatever do they low "at the skies," not even when they are being "led" or driven to the slaughter-house in their sacrifice to man's carnivorous appetite.

In conclusion I wish to remark in my own couplet:—

"No lowing heifer ever gazed up at the skies,
As though engaged in pleading, prayerful exercise."

And therefore I am quite certain that no ancient Greek sculptor was as ignorant as John Keats of the habits of "lowing" heifers.—Yours, &c.,

L. P. PATTEN.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9, East Harding Street, London, E.C. It will be helpful if the envelope be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions

LITERATURE

"SLANG DICTIONARY."—Who was the "London Antiquary" who compiled the Slang Dictionary issued by John Camden Hotten in 1859?—S. T.

"BEACONSFIELD'S NOVELS."—It is generally understood that Disraeli drew most of his characters from life; does any edition of his works contain a key to the characters? And is there any cheap handy edition? It seems strange that one of our greatest novelists should be "dead," as announced in a recent note in THE ACADEMY.—Lombard.

"GOODY TWO SHOES."—Is there any decent edition in print of this story of Goldsmith?—A. L. M.

"JOSEPHUS."—Why is the "Joseph Opera, Arleni, Greece," called the Edition Princeps? I am glad it is, having a beautiful copy printed by Froben at Bale in the year 1544; but I am puzzled by an edition in the Latin, of the year 1470, published by Joannes Schuzler at Augustae Vindelicorum; also by an edition of the year 1475 published at Rome by Arnol. Pannartz in domo Petri de Maximis. There is, too, an edition of the year 1480 by Petrus Mauser at Verona. What is the explanation?—K. M.

"GREGOROVIVUS."—I shall feel very much obliged if anyone will give me a complete list of translations in English of F. Gregorovius's works, with the name of the translator, &c., and that of the publisher and his address. I know of his "History of the Popes," "Latian Summers," "The Tombs of the Popes," and "A Summer in Capri."—J. T. Atkinson.

"ALDUS."—I am very sorry no one has been able to answer the queries you were good enough to insert last month; perhaps, though, I may have answers yet. But can anyone tell me if he knows of a copy of a very rare Aldus I have of the year 1457, the "Jamblichus de mysteriis Egyptiorum, Chaldaeorum, Assyriorum," and several other opuscula?—K. M.

"ITALIAN VERSE."—Can any reader of THE ACADEMY give me information of a small quarto of the year 1593 I have in my library, called "Applauso de le Muse nel felice ritorno di Caudia Della L'Illust. Sig. Conte Alessandro Pompei"? There is, too, in a line by itself, after the word "Caudia" and before the word "dell" the word "mo."—K. M.

GENERAL

"SHAKESPEARE AND THE MUSICAL GLASSES."—When and how did this phrase originate, and what exactly does it mean?—J. J.

"THE SWAN AND SUGAR LOAF."—What may be the origin of this public-house name? Is there any work dealing with the signs and titles of inns, hotels, &c.?—Castle.

"ROCKING STONES."—Where can I obtain a list of the various Logan or Rocking Stones in Great Britain and Ireland?—J. L. Smyth.

"QUEER CARD."—Why card?—L. Annual.

"ROUND ROBIN."—Everyone knows what this means, but I for one do not know the origin of the phrase. Will someone kindly lighten my darkness?—R. R.

DRAMA

"SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."—Is anything known of the origin of the plot of this comedy, or was it entirely Sheridan's own?—Roan.

Answers

LITERATURE

"RATTLIN THE REEFER" was written by Captain Hamilton.—S. B.

GENERAL

"KU-KLUX-KLAN."—There are some articles and correspondence on this subject in the "Century Magazine," Vol. XXVIII. (New Series, Vol. VI.), on pages 398, 461, 948, 949.—Harold S. Moore.

"THE DEVIL."—In answer to "J. C. H." I can suggest a book that appeared about 1832 called "The Pedigree of the Devil." It is not by me at this moment, so I cannot give the name of publisher or exact date.—K. M.

